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Turn in Flight

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OUR FRONT COVER



The skiing shot on our cover was made at
Sun Valley, Idaho, high on 9,200-foot-high
Baldy Mountain. Making the snow fly with this
daring jump-turn is Les Outzo, one of the top
skiers in this country. Les is a native of the
Sawtooth Mountain country in which Sun Valley
is located. When not busy executing his own
turns he watches those of his students.

Photo courtesy of Steve Hannagan.

LITERARY *cavalcade*

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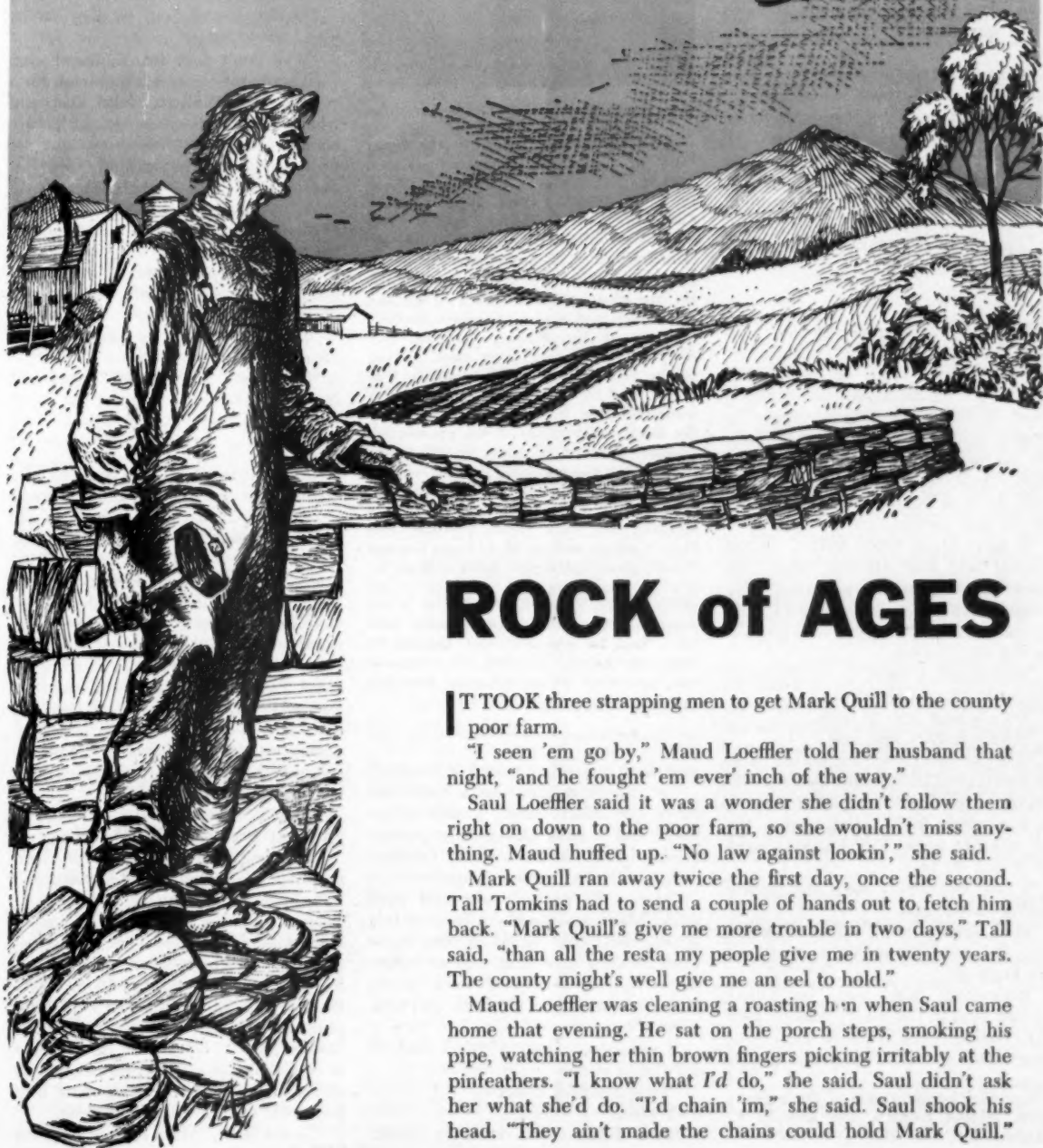
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All of Mark Quill's stone walls would stand for ages,
but there was one for which he was sure to be remembered

By JOHN D. WEAVER

Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy



ROCK of AGES

IT TOOK three strapping men to get Mark Quill to the county poor farm.

"I seen 'em go by," Maud Loeffler told her husband that night, "and he fought 'em ever' inch of the way."

Saul Loeffler said it was a wonder she didn't follow them right on down to the poor farm, so she wouldn't miss anything. Maud huffed up. "No law against lookin'," she said.

Mark Quill ran away twice the first day, once the second. Tall Tomkins had to send a couple of hands out to fetch him back. "Mark Quill's give me more trouble in two days," Tall said, "than all the resta my people give me in twenty years. The county might's well give me an eel to hold."

Maud Loeffler was cleaning a roasting hen when Saul came home that evening. He sat on the porch steps, smoking his pipe, watching her thin brown fingers picking irritably at the pinfeathers. "I know what I'd do," she said. Saul didn't ask her what she'd do. "I'd chain 'im," she said. Saul shook his head. "They ain't made the chains could hold Mark Quill."

Mark Quill ran off again on Sunday, and they didn't find him till Tuesday night. Nevil Kearns found him up in Laurel Hollow, lying in a wild plum grove. Nevil thought the old stonemason was dead at first, but as soon as he touched him, Mark Quill set to kicking and hollering.

"I knowed then he warn't daid," Nevil said.

When Nevil brought Mark back to the poor farm, Tall Tomkins said, "I'm a-runnin' this place and the county's put you here for me to look after. Less'n you take an oath to stay put I'm gonna lock you in your room, and you won't git out of it till they carry you out."

Mark didn't say anything for a long time, just stood there, a tall, white-headed man, with big hands as rough as the hill rocks he'd worked with all his life. Even at seventy-five or eighty (nobody, not even Mark himself, knew exactly how old he was), he was straight and hard as a rifle barrel.

"Tall Tomkins," Mark finally said, "I give you my oath on it."

THEN Mark turned around and marched out of the house. Nobody saw him till dinner time; he came back quietly, ate his dinner without saying a word, and left again. After supper he went to bed. Most of the other old people at the poor farm were afraid of Mark. Once he'd killed a man with a rock. At least people said he had; nobody'd ever proved it.

"I seen Mark Quill today," Maud Loeffler said one evening when she came home from berry-picking. "He walked clean to Limeton and back, said he wanted to see the stone wall he built for old Mr. Carlton."

"Mark's got a right to be proud of that wall," Saul Loeffler said.

"Hit's a long way to walk."

"Hit's a mighty fine wall."

Next day Mark didn't come down to his breakfast. Tall Tomkins thought he'd run off again, but Mark hadn't run off, he was sitting in his room staring out the window when Tall Tomkins went up to look for him.

"I can't eat county meat and county greens," Mark said.

"Hit's good eatin'," Tall Tomkins said, "as good as you've ever et and you know it."

"Hit's good," Mark said, "but I ain't a-gonna tech it. I've allus made my own way, paid in cash or trade for everything I ever got. I ain't a-gonna start in

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About the Author

John D. Weaver stands in the front rank of America's short-story writers. Perhaps you remember his story "Hear the Wind Blow" (April, 1952, *Literary Cavalcade*). His stories appear frequently in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Esquire*, the *American Magazine*, and *Saturday Evening Post*. He has also written a novel, *Wind Before Rain*, and a play, *Virginia Reel*.

Many of Mr. Weaver's stories, like the "Rock of Ages," have their setting in the hill country that surrounds Virginia. And in them he displays a keen understanding of the things that stir the hearts and minds of his characters.

John Weaver grew up in Washington, D. C., and attended public schools there. He spent his summers in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. He has received an A.B. from William and Mary College and an M.A. from George Washington University. After college he put in two years with a Government agency, then spent four years as a reporter on the staff of the *Kansas City Star*. Next he moved to Los Angeles to write his novel. In 1941 Mr. Weaver was co-winner of an *Atlantic Monthly* short-story contest.

~~~~~  
now livin' off other people's bounty."

Tall Tomkins drew up a chair, sat down and offered Mark a sack of tobacco and a pack of cigarette papers. Mark shook his head. Tall Tomkins shrugged, rolled himself a smoke.

"Mark," he said, "you've did your work. There ain't hardly a farm in this county don't have some of your stone work on it, a wall or a well or a fireplace. And hit was good work, Mark. Hit's time now you set back and took it easy."

"I never took charity," Mark said. "I ain't takin' it now."

"Some are glad to get it."

"I ain't."

Mark didn't come down to dinner

either, and that afternoon he disappeared again. When he came back he had berry stains on his fingers. He looked tired. He didn't say anything to anybody, just went upstairs and lay down on the bed.

"He'll break," Maud Loeffler said when she heard about it. Saul Loeffler shook his head. "He won't break," Saul said. "He'll maybe starve himself, but he won't break."

Saul came home early next morning, he was supposed to be cutting weeds, but he came home about ten o'clock and Mark Quill was with him.

"Mark's gonna help fix the 'tainin' wall," Saul said.

"Wall don't need fixin'," Maud said.

"There's a hole in it big enough for a cow to walk through," Saul said, and when Maud went out to look at it, sure enough there was a hole.

"I'd swore it warn't there last night," Maud said. "I d'clare I . . ."

"Get the trowel," Saul said, and while Mark sized up the hole, Saul went for the cement.

"A good two days' work," Mark said when he finished studying the break in the retaining wall.

"Can you handle it by yourself?" Saul asked.

"I built it," Mark said. "I reckon I can plug it."

**M**ARK took Saul up back of the springhouse and pointed out the rocks he wanted, then Saul hitched up his horse and dragged them down to the wall. Saul helped lift the heavy rocks, but when it came to fitting them in place, Mark wouldn't let him help. Saul watched the rocks go together, snug and tight, with only thin ragged lines between them, like the pieces of a broken china dish. Mark worked all morning, and when it came to dinner time, he and Saul went up to the house together, washed their hands at the pump, scraped the mud off their shoes, then went in the kitchen to eat.

"How you reckon the wall come to give way like that?" Maud said.

"You help Mark to more of them snap beans," Saul said, and Maud didn't ask about the wall again.

Mark Quill ate enough for four men. He ate ham and fried eggs and sweet potatoes and green beans, he ate roasting ears and fresh peas and stewed tomatoes, and all the time he kept slapping apple butter on thick slices of bakery bread. Then he ate three pieces of apple pie and drank his fourth cup of coffee. Maud Loeffler was sure he'd bust wide open like a sack of feed.

"Tastes good," Mark said, wiping the

back of his hand across his mouth.

"Hit'll maybe hold us till supper," Saul said.

After they left, Maud sat down and ate what was left. She was cleaning up the kitchen when she heard Saul out at the pump getting a drink of water.

"Saul Loeffler," she said, "that man's gonna eat us clean out of house'n home."

"He's working on my place," Saul said, "and I'm gonna see to it he gits fed."

"Who's gonna feed us when we git hungry?"

"We ain't never gone hungry yet."

"We ain't never tried to feed the county paupers before."

"A man that works on my place, he's gonna git his meals here."

"We pay our taxes," Maud said, "and our taxes feed the paupers."

Saul's hand choked the yellow gourd he was drinking from.

"You git back to the kitchen," Saul said. Maud got.

Saul paid Mark Quill six dollars for the two days' work. Mark kept one dollar out, gave the rest to Tall Tomkins.

"I reckon this'll pay my keep for a week," Mark said, and all that week he came to the table every day, ate with the others. But Monday morning he didn't show up for breakfast. He told Tall Tomkins he was going out and look for work. Tall didn't try to argue with him.

THAT was the last Saul heard of Mark Quill for nearly a week. Then one afternoon Saul was standing by the pump, getting himself a drink of water, when Maud came home from the post office. The minute Saul saw her face, he knew she'd heard something.

"Lor," Maud said, "you know what he's up to now? He's buildin' a wall down at the poor farm."

"He's been buildin' 'em for sixty years," Saul said.

"Not like this un," Maud said. "This here's just a wall set out in the middle of a field. Hit don't go nowhere, don't mark nothing. Hit just sets."

Saul went on drinking. Maud looked at him, frowned. "You hear me?" she said. "Hit just sets."

"I hear you," Saul said, and later that afternoon, when Maud wasn't watching him, he headed down the road toward the poor farm. He wanted to take a look at that wall.

When he passed the Gurley house, old Mrs. Gurley called to him from her rocker, a gray, crow-faced woman, smoking a yellow pipe. "Want'r see somepun?" she said, rocking and

cackling, pointing at the parched field down below. "Man's crazy as a coot."

Saul wriggled through the rail fence, cut across the field, without looking back at Mrs. Gurley. He could see Mark grubbing in a wide scattering of rocks, rolling them over, picking and choosing until he found the one he wanted, then adding it to the twelve-foot length of a dry wall which started from nowhere, like a hill creek in the spring.

"Evenin', Mark," Saul said, and the old man nodded, kicking at a loose pile of rocks, then working them over with the toe of his shoe, until he had them laid out where he could study them.

SAUL sat down under the black walnut tree and lit his pipe, watching the wall take shape from the rocks scattered at Mark Quill's feet. The base of the wall was broad and firm, the lines straight as a taut string, the sides tapering in gradually, so the wall would settle slowly and solidly with the years.

"Nice wall, Mark," Saul said. "Good lines to it."

"I seen worse," Mark said.

A dry wall was nothing strange or new in the country. Saul had seen dozens of Mark's walls, but there was something about this one that held Saul the way a snake can hold a bird. It came time for him to go home, he had things to do before supper, but he didn't stir, just sat there, watching.

Sunday morning, after services, Tall Tomkins drew Saul off to one side. "Poor Mark," Tall said, "looks like he's give way for sure now. Bad enough to build a wall that don't mark nor keep out, but yesterday evenin' I found 'im tearin' out the whole middle part of it, and now this mornin' he's down there puttin' it back together."

"Maybe he didn't git it right the first time," Saul said.

Tall Tomkins laughed. "A wall that's no good to nobody, what's it matter whether it's put up right or wrong?"

"I reckon it matters to Mark," Saul said.

Mark was closing the ragged edges of the gap, when Saul came up behind him, sat down quietly, the old man grunting, going on with his work. He smoothed off the top and sides, then stopped, drawing back from the wall, squinting at it. He turned to Saul. "How's it look from the road?"

"Looks good," Saul said, and Mark nodded, pleased.

"People goin' by," Mark said, "I want 'em to see it, want 'em to say to themselves, 'There's the last wall old Mark put up.'"

"Looks good from the road," Saul said.

Mark sat down in the thin shade of the walnut, pushed his hat back on his head, smearing the sweat off his forehead with a slow swipe of his hand. He picked up a big gray egg of a rock, cupping it in his hand. "These rocks was scattered all over," Mark said, "and they'd be there yet, iffen I hadn't went after 'em, drug 'em down here, and put 'em together. Rocks in the ground, they're common as pig tracks, but when they're all of a piece, well, thas somepun for a man to stop'n look at, and the man that found 'em and fitted 'em, he's got a right to take some pride in what he's done."

"Hit's a good wall, Mark," Saul said. "Hit'll hold."

"A hundred years from now," Mark said, "hit'll still be standin' here. And you know what people'll say? They'll say, 'A man named Mark Quill put up that wall.' And some'll say, 'He must of been crazy, makin' a wall in the middle of nothin'.' But they'll never forget this wall, nor the man that made it."

SAUL finished his pipe, then got up and started for home, walking slowly, his shoes stirring little clouds of gray dust along the side of the county road. He came up to his house by way of his cornfield, stopping at the springhouse for a drink of water. He was proud of that springhouse, he'd put it up with his own hands. The calico cat crept up to him timidly, followed by her four kittens. Saul picked up the smallest of the litter, the mother cat eyeing him suspiciously. He walked up the footpath, stroking the kitten's neck.

"Supper's ready," Maud called from the back door, and Saul nodded. He put the kitten down, smiling as it bounced away like a rubber ball, then he started toward the kitchen. It had been a long time since he'd wondered what would happen to the farm after he died. Sold for taxes, he reckoned. Whoever got it would be lucky, he'd put a lot of work into the place, forty years, and nothing much to show for it, no children to hand it on to.

"Where you been?" Maud asked, when Saul sat down at the table. He told her. "Well," she said, "it does seem to me you could find somepun better to do than set all day watchin' a crazy man build a crazy wall."

"Maud," Saul said, "a hundred years from now, if anybody remembered us, what'd it be for?"

She looked at him as though he'd tracked dirt into the house. "Hmph," Maud snorted. "Ideas."

*A British Ambassador goes home to old friends,  
and says goodbye to 156,000,000 new ones*

## A Farewell to the American People

*This is an excerpt from the farewell address to the American people made by Sir Oliver Franks, retiring British Ambassador to the United States, on Thanksgiving Day. The speech was broadcast to the nation over CBS.*

By SIR OLIVER FRANKS



Sir Oliver Franks

IT IS my good fortune to celebrate this Thanksgiving Day in New York. My wife and I arrived here four and a half years ago to the day. Tomorrow we leave to return home to our family.

In these four and a half years I have visited all forty-eight states of the Union. The experience has been exciting and enlightening and inspiring. Everywhere I have been treated with warmhearted friendliness. I have seen the beauty, the power, and the richness of your country. I have seen the inherent strength and sincerity of its people.

Four and a half years is a short time to live in a country, but much has happened in the world since I came here, and in particular much has happened which has deeply affected our two nations. Together we have faced stern decisions. Together we have run grave risks.

My arrival saw the threat to Berlin which resulted in that great joint effort of the Berlin airlift. It was the first time, perhaps, that we both fully recognized the new peril that faced us, and straightaway took joint and effective steps to cope with it.

Then I witnessed a series of events of the greatest importance to our two countries, events which have shaped the course of history. One of the earliest was a rare occurrence, the birth of a new nation, Israel. The most important and the most creative of these events, I think, was the Marshall Plan. This most generous and imaginative act of statesmanship brought sorely needed vitality to the war-shattered economies of Western Europe.

Then came something entirely new—a new idea for you as well as for us—the idea of an Atlantic Community. We and other nations joined ourselves together to build a citadel to preserve liberty and prevent aggression.

The final event to which I would refer is the significance to us all of Korea. You have made great sacrifices

for your leadership of freedom. I think of the homes in this country where the burden of sadness and a casualty list have taken away happiness. Yet your decision to lead the United Nations in resistance to aggression has given purpose and dignity to our world.

We in Britain know that aggression must be resisted. Our forces serve with yours in Korea. We have a quarter of a million men on military service overseas, on guard against Communist aggression. We have homes in Britain where Korea and Malaya are remembered with proud sorrow.

There is another development I would like to mention to you. It is the very special relationship which has grown up between our two countries. The thing that has struck me is not the number of times when we were agreed—though it was a large number. The really striking thing has been the number of times we had to thrash the matter out first in order to find agreement—but we did find agreement over and over again. This is because we have the same aims in the world. We both seek a peaceful and a prosperous world in which free men, living in societies of their own shaping, may speak and move and trade to the general well-being of the whole.

OF course there are real, proper and useful differences between us. They arise from the differing traditions of our two great countries. Sometimes your countrymen and mine overlook them because we both speak English. But I have always borne in mind the words of one of your poets when he spoke of those who sat around the first Thanksgiving tables:

"And those who came were resolved to be Englishmen,  
Gone to world's end, but English every one,  
And they ate the white corn-kernels,  
parched in the sun,  
And they knew it not, but they'd not be English again."

It is because you are not English—and we are not American—because we have different characters and different temperaments, that our partnership has such strength and vitality.

In Britain we live in a small island off a continent. The romance of our island story lies in the names of our great seamen who sailed the trade routes of every ocean and planted the flag of Britain on many distant shores.

Your history is that of a land. Your magic words are the Delaware Gap, Pike's Peak, the Oregon Trail. Your story is full of romance, but a different romance.

The story of the United States is the story of man's struggle against a continent. But from the hardness and the independence of the early pioneer and from the skill and persistence of the modern engineer, there emerges a pattern of the American character which is the bedrock of this nation.

To have lived in this country and to have traveled over this country has been a most rewarding experience. I shall always remember the America of the simple white meeting-house and the skyscraper of the city; the tall timbers, and the majestic rivers. I shall remember the rich cornfields; the drifting cattle on the limitless range; the arched backs of the cotton pickers; and luminous roar of the blast furnace; and the tang of the sunburnt air of the Southwest. And through them all I shall remember the connecting link of people—warm-hearted friendly people who in their lives exemplify the word "neighbourly."

That is all I can say to you tonight. I feel I understand the meaning of those words you so unexpectedly use together: "Welcome, stranger." We are taking with us to our own home a deep and abiding affection for your country. Goodnight and goodbye.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

# ANNE FRANK:

## *the Diary of a Young Girl*

**The record of two years in hiding . . .  
and of suspense and terror and heartbreak**

*Anne Frank's family originally lived in Germany. When Hitler came into power in the early thirties, they moved to Holland. Anne and her older sister, Margot, went to school, made friends, and lived the normal lives of Dutch children.*

*Then the Nazis occupied Holland in 1940. The lives of Jewish families, including the Franks, were beset with privations and perils. Finally Anne's family was forced to flee again—this time into hiding, as you will learn from Anne's diary.*

*Anne began her diary on her 13th birthday. It ends when she was fifteen. In these selections from her diary you will meet a frank, often witty, sometimes moody, and very real teen-ager.*

**Sunday, 14 June, 1942**

On Friday, June 12th, I woke up at six o'clock and no wonder; it was my birthday.

Soon after seven I went to Mummy and Daddy and then to the sitting room to undo my presents. The first to greet me was *you*, possibly the nicest of all.

Bye-bye, we're going to be great pals!

**Saturday, 20 June, 1942**

I haven't written for a few days, because I wanted first of all to think about my diary. It's an odd idea for someone like me to keep a diary. Still, what does that matter? I want to write, but more than that, I want to bring out all kinds of things that lie buried deep in my heart.

I don't intend to show this cardboard-covered notebook, bearing the proud name of "diary," to anyone, unless I find

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a real friend, boy or girl. And now I come to the root of the matter, the reason for my starting a diary: it is that I have no such real friend.

Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a girl of thirteen feels herself quite alone in the world, nor is it so. I have darling parents and a sister of sixteen. I know about thirty people whom one might call friends—I have strings of boy friends, anxious to catch a glimpse of me and who, failing that, peep at me through mirrors in class. I have relations, aunts and uncles, who are darlings too, a good home, no—I don't seem to lack anything. But it's

the same with all my friends, just fun and joking, nothing more. I can never bring myself to talk of anything outside the common round. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, that is the root of the trouble. Perhaps I lack confidence, but anyway, there it is, a stubborn fact and I don't seem to be able to do anything about it.

Hence, this diary. I want this diary itself to be my friend, and I shall call my friend Kitty.

**Saturday, 20 June, 1942**

Dear Kitty,

I expect you will be rather surprised at the fact that I should talk of boy friends at my age. Alas, one simply can't seem to avoid it at our school. As soon as a boy asks if he may bicycle home with me and we get into conversation, nine out of ten times I can be sure that he will fall head over heels in love immediately and simply won't allow me out of his sight. After a while it cools down of course, especially as I take little notice and pedal blithely on.

There, the foundation of our friendship is laid, till tomorrow!

**Wednesday, 8 July, 1942**

Dear Kitty,

Years seem to have passed. So much has happened, it is just as if the whole world had turned upside down.



I will begin by telling you what happened on Sunday afternoon.

At three o'clock someone rang the front doorbell. I was lying lazily reading a book on the veranda in the sunshine, so I didn't hear it. A bit later, Margot (my sister) appeared at the kitchen door looking very excited. "The S.S. have sent a call-up notice for Daddy," she whispered. "Mummy has gone to see Mr. Van Daan already." (Van Daan is a friend who works with Daddy in the business.) It was a great shock to me, a call-up; everyone knows what that means. I picture concentration camps and lonely cells. "Of course he won't go," declared Margot, while we waited together. "Mummy has gone to the Van Daans to discuss whether we should move into our hiding place tomorrow. The Van Daans are going with us, so we shall be seven in all." Silence. We couldn't talk any more.

Later, when we were alone together, Margot told me that the call-up was not for Daddy, but for her. I was more frightened than ever and began to cry. Margot is sixteen; would they really take girls of that age away alone?

Into hiding—where would we go, in a town or the country, in a house or a cottage, when, how, where . . . ?

These were questions I was not allowed to ask, but I couldn't get them out of my mind. . . . Mummy called me at five-thirty the next morning. We put on the heaps of clothes as if we were going to the North Pole, the sole reason being to take clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would have dreamed of going out with a suitcase full of clothing. I had on two vests, three pairs of pants, a dress, on top of that a skirt, jacket, summer coat, two pairs of stockings, lace-up shoes, woolly cap, scarf, and still more; I was nearly stifled before we started, but no one inquired about that.

So we walked in the pouring rain, each with a school satchel and shopping bag filled with all kinds of things.

We got sympathetic looks from people on their way to work. You could see by their faces how sorry they were they couldn't offer us a lift; the gaudy yellow star\* spoke for itself.

Only when we were on the road did Mummy and Daddy begin to tell me bits and pieces about the plan. For months as many of our goods and chattels and necessities of life as possible had been sent away and they were sufficiently ready for us to have gone into hiding of our own accord on July 16.

\*To distinguish them from others, all Jews were forced by the Germans to wear, prominently displayed, a yellow six-pointed star.

The plan had had to be speeded up ten days because of the call-up, so our quarters would not be so well organized, but we had to make the best of it. The hiding place itself would be in the building where Daddy has his office. Daddy didn't have many people working for him: Mr. Kraler, Koophuis, Meip and Elli, who all knew of our arrival.

Meip took us quickly upstairs and into the "Secret Annexe." She closed the door behind us and we were alone.

*Tuesday, 20 October, 1942*

Dear Kitty,

My hand still shakes, although it's two hours since we had the shock. I should explain that there are five fire extinguishers in the house. We knew that someone was coming to fill them, but no one had warned us when the carpenter was coming.

The result was that we weren't making any attempt to keep quiet, until I heard hammering outside on the landing opposite our cupboard door. Daddy and I posted ourselves at the door so as to hear when the man left. After he'd been working for a quarter of an hour, he laid his hammer and tools down on top of our cupboard (as we thought) and knocked at our door. We turned absolutely white. Perhaps he had heard something after all and wanted to investigate our secret den. It seemed like it. The knocking, pulling, pushing, and wrenching went on. I nearly fainted at the thought that this utter stranger might discover our secret hiding place.

And just as I thought my last hour was at hand, I heard Mr. Koophuis say, "Open the door, it's only me." We opened it immediately. The hook that holds the cupboard, which can be undone by people who know the secret, had got jammed. That was why no one had been able to warn us about the carpenter. It was a great relief to me, I can tell you. In my imagination the man who I thought was trying to get in had been growing and growing in size until in the end he appeared to be a giant.

*Saturday, 28 November, 1942*

Dear Kitty,

Honestly, you needn't think it's easy to be the "badly brought-up" central figure of a hypercritical family in hiding. When I lie in bed at night and think over the many sins and shortcomings attributed to me, I get so confused by it all that I either laugh or cry; it depends what sort of mood I am in.

Then I fall asleep with a stupid feeling of wishing to be different from what I am or from what I want to be; perhaps to behave differently from the way I want to behave, or do behave.

Oh, heavens above, I'm getting you in a muddle too.

*Friday, 24 December, 1943*

Dear Kitty,

When someone comes in from outside, with the wind in his clothes and the cold on his face, then I could bury my head in the blankets to stop myself from thinking: "When will we be granted the privilege of smelling fresh air?"

And because I must not bury my head in the blankets, but the reverse—I must keep my head high and be brave, the thoughts will come, not once, but oh, countless times. Believe me, if you have been shut up for a year and a half, it can get too much for you some days. In spite of all justice and thankfulness, you can't crush your feelings. Cycling, dancing, whistling, looking out into the world, feeling young, to know that I'm free—that's what I long for; still, I mustn't show it, because I sometimes think if all seven of us began to pity ourselves, where would it lead us?

I sometimes ask myself, "Would anyone understand this about me, that I am simply a young girl badly in need of some rollicking fun?" I don't know, and I couldn't talk about it to anyone, because then I know I should cry. Crying can bring such relief.

*Thursday, 6 January, 1944*

Dear Kitty,

My longing to talk to someone became so intense that somehow or other I took it into my head to choose Peter (Van Daan).

I tried to think of an excuse to get him talking, without it being too noticeable, and my chance came yesterday. Peter has a mania for crossword puzzles at the moment and hardly does anything else. I helped him with them and we soon sat opposite each other at his little table.

I could see on his face that look of helplessness and uncertainty as to how to behave, and, at the same time, a trace of his sense of manhood. I noticed his shy manner and it made me feel very gentle; with my whole heart I almost beseeched him: oh, tell me, what is going on inside you, oh, can't you look beyond this ridiculous chatter?

Whatever you do, don't think I'm in love with Peter—not a bit of it! If the Van Daans had had a daughter instead of a son, I should have tried to make friends with her too.

*Thursday, 16 March, 1944*

Dear Kitty,

Anne is a crazy child, but I do live in crazy times and under still crazier circumstances.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

But still the brightest spot of all is that at least I can write down my thoughts and feelings, otherwise I would be absolutely stifled! I wonder what Peter thinks about all these things? I keep hoping that I can talk about it to him one day. There must be something he has guessed about me, because he certainly can't love the outer Anne, which is the one he knows so far.

How can he, who loves peace and quiet, have any liking for all my bustle and din? Can he possibly be the first and only one to have looked through my concrete armor? Isn't there an old saying that love often springs from pity, or that the two go hand in hand? Is that the case with me too? Because I'm often just as sorry for him as I am for myself.

Thursday, 25 May, 1944

Dear Kitty,

There's something fresh every day. This morning our vegetable man was picked up for having two Jews in his house. It's a great blow to us, not only that those poor people are balancing on the edge of an abyss, but it's terrible for the man himself.

The world has turned topsy-turvy; anyone who isn't a member of the N.S.B. doesn't know what may happen to him from one day to another.

This man is a great loss to us too. The only thing to do is to eat less. It's certainly not going to make things any pleasanter. Mummy says we shall cut out breakfast altogether, have porridge and bread for lunch, and for supper fried potatoes and possibly once or twice per week vegetables or lettuce, nothing more. We're going to be hungry but anything is better than being discovered.

Tuesday, 6 June, 1944

Dear Kitty,

The English news at twelve o'clock: "This is D-day." General Eisenhower said to the French people: "Stiff fighting will come now, but after this the victory. The year 1944 is the year of complete victory; good luck."

Great commotion in the "Secret Annexe"! Would the long-awaited liberation that has been talked of so much, but which still seems too wonderful, too much like a fairy tale, ever come true? Could we be granted victory this year, 1944?

Oh, Kitty, perhaps I may yet be able to go back to school in September.

Thursday, 15 June, 1944

Dear Kitty,

I wonder if it's because I haven't been able to poke my nose outdoors for so long that I've grown so crazy about

everything to do with nature? I can perfectly well remember that there was a time when a deep blue sky, the song of the birds, moonlight and flowers could never have kept me spellbound. That's changed since I've been here.

I stayed awake on purpose until half past eleven one evening in order to have a good look at the moon for once by myself. Alas, the sacrifice was all in vain, as the moon gave far too much light and I didn't dare risk opening a window. Another time, some months ago now, I happened to be upstairs one evening when the window was open. The dark, rainy evening, the gale, the scudding clouds held me entirely in their power; it was the first time in a year and a half that I'd seen the night face to face. After that evening my longing to see it again was greater than my fear of burglars, rats, and raids on the house.

Thursday, 6 July, 1944

Dear Kitty,

I thought for a long time about how to get Peter to believe in himself, and above all, to try to improve himself; I don't know whether my line of thought is right though, or not.

We all live with the object of being happy; our lives are all different and yet the same. We three have been brought up in good circles, we have the chance to learn, the possibility of attaining something, we have all reason to hope for much happiness but . . . we must earn it for ourselves. And that is never easy.

I can't understand people who don't like to work, yet that isn't the case with Peter; he just hasn't got a fixed goal to aim at. He's never known what it feels like to make other people happy, and I can't teach him that either. He has no religion; although I'm not orthodox either, it hurts me every time I see how deserted, how scornful, and how poor he really is.

People who have a religion should be glad, for not everyone has the gift of believing in heavenly things. A religion, it doesn't matter which, keeps a person on the right path. It isn't the fear of God but the upholding of one's own honor and conscience. How noble and good everyone could be if, every evening before falling asleep, they were to recall to their minds the events of the whole day and consider exactly what has been good and bad.

Tuesday, 1 August, 1944

Dear Kitty,

I've already told you before that I have, as it were, a dual personality. One half embodies my exuberant cheerful-

ness, making fun of everything, my high-spiritedness, and above all, the way I take everything lightly. This side is usually lying in wait and pushes away the other, which is much better, deeper and purer. You must realize that no one knows Anne's better side and that's why most people find me so insufferable.

Certainly I'm a giddy clown for one afternoon, and then everyone's had enough of me for another month. You can't imagine how often I've tried to push this Anne away, to cripple her, to hide her; but it doesn't work and I know, too, why it doesn't work.

I'm afraid they'll laugh at me, think I'm ridiculous and sentimental, not take me seriously. I'm used to not being taken seriously but it's only the "light-hearted" Anne that's used to it and can bear it; the "deeper" Anne is too frail for it.

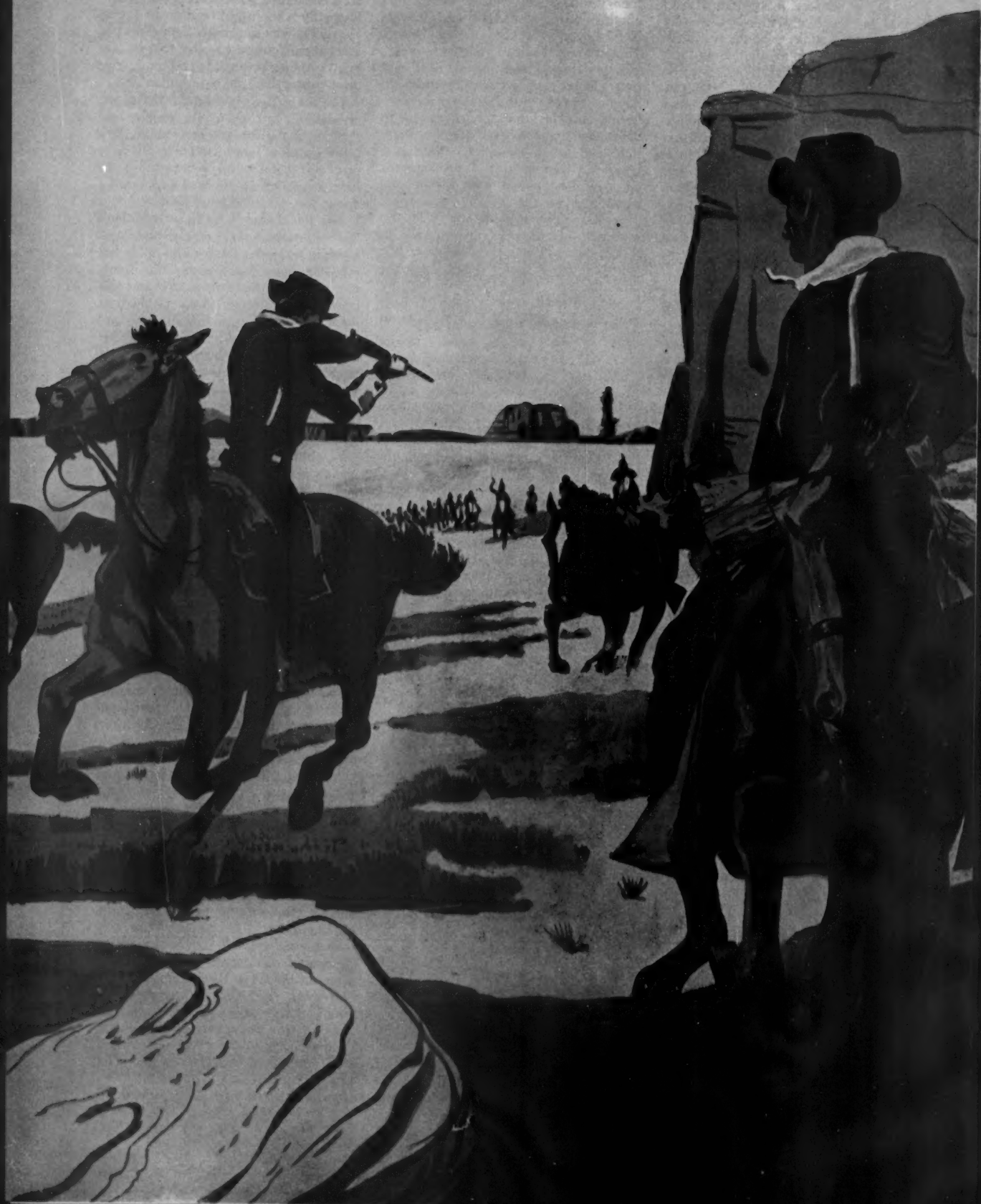
I never utter my real feelings about anything and that's how I've acquired the name of chaser-after-boys, flirt, know-all, reader of love stories. The cheerful Anne laughs about it, gives cheeky answers, shrugs her shoulders indifferently, behaves as if she doesn't care, but, oh dearie me, the quiet Anne's reactions are just the opposite. If I'm to be quite honest, then I must admit that it does hurt me.

If I'm quiet and serious, everyone thinks it's a new comedy and then I have to get out of it by turning it into a joke, not to mention my own family, who are sure to think I'm ill, make me swallow pills for headaches and nerves, feel my neck and my head to see whether I'm running a temperature, and criticize me for being in a bad mood. I can't keep that up: if I'm watched to that extent, I start by getting snappy, then unhappy, and finally I twist my heart round again, so that the bad is on the outside and the good is on the inside and keep on trying to find a way of becoming what I would so like to be, and what I could be, if . . . there weren't any other people living in the world.

Editor's note: Anne's diary ends here. On August 4, 1944, the Nazi Secret Police made a raid on the "Secret Annexe." All the occupants were arrested and sent to German and Dutch concentration camps.

Among a pile of old books, magazines, and newspapers which were left lying on the floor, Miep, who had been employed by Anne's father, found Anne's diary.

Of all the occupants of the "Secret Annexe," Anne's father alone returned. In March 1945, two months before the liberation of Holland, Anne died in the concentration camp at Bergen-Belsen.



By PAUL HORGAN

Illustrated by Charles Beck

# DUTY



*For thirteen years the windswept desert had held its grim secret—that duty never dies, even for a dead man*

**"YES**, thirteen years ago, in 1873," said Major General Alexander Upton Quait to Lieutenant Matthew Hazard, riding beside him, "I crossed this same desert waste, and for much the same reason."

The two officers were leading a mounted column of United States Cavalry southwest across a great flat country in the Territory of Arizona. It was November, about noonday, when the heat of the desert rose sharply, causing strange winds that did strange work on the features of the earth. In the distance on all sides rose separated towers of rock, all different, all fantastic, that seemed like posts marking the boundaries of a wild, barren park.

"Yes," continued the general, "this looks very much like the place as I saw it thirteen years ago. Then we were chasing after Rainbow Son and his Apaches, and today it is Chief Sebastian and his. But the problem is similar, and the lie of land, I do believe, identical. I remember fixing the place in mind by taking a bearing on that tower of spools there far ahead and"—he turned in the saddle and pointed—"on that mushroom rock behind us. It was very close to here that we lost Sergeant Reimmers and had to retreat that day."

"You had a skirmish here, sir?"

"We had a skirmish," said the general, and signaling "Halt" to the column, he reined his horse and fell silent.

The lieutenant gazed at him side-long. In the little while since he had been assigned to General Quait's command, Matthew had learned to respect his silences, for out of them often came something unexpected. Matthew knew something of General Quait's history—brigade commander in the Army of the Cumberland in '64, military observer in Europe during the Franco-Prussian War, Indian fighter in the seventies. And now, over a decade later, he was

again on the Western frontier, in command of one military area, his mission to provide a solution for the Indian problem.

Nothing had prepared Matthew for the general's personality. General Quait was an old man. In his tall, bony figure there leaped a busy spirit. It shone in his small black eyes; it was present in the stream of conversation that agitated his long, white forked beard; and it even seemed to qualify his uniform. He wore an Anglo-Indian sun helmet; an undyed linen duster that flowed out behind, giving him an Arabian air; black alpaca trousers stuffed into cavalry boots; and gauntlets with fringed cuffs that reached the elbow. The troopers and the lieutenant, wearing the regulation Army campaign hat creased down the center, blue uniforms and black boots, regarded him as a sight.

The general suddenly waved his hand toward the rocks in the distance and spoke to Matthew:

"Those are created by action of the winds carrying small particles that grind against solid stone, and in time make the jagged pinnacles that we see about us. This whole land has layers of hard, then soft, then hard, materials, and great heaps of loose soil; and the winds come and shift a desert and expose soft rock and wear it down until hard rock is revealed, and then they look for softer places to drill away and change."

"Yes, sir," said Matthews. He was becoming used to General Quait's studious cast of mind and regarded it as a source of power, even of physical strength. The old gentleman campaigned in the wilderness with the endurance of a youth while interesting himself with the reflections of a sage. But while Matthew could respect theory, he had a young man's pleasure in action, and he asked, "How about a skirmish, sir?"

The general signaled "Forward, at a walk," and when the column was again under way, with nodding horses, sandy

whispers from the walking hoofs, creaking leather, the dim clanking of bit and saber, canteen and spur chain, the hum of troopers talking idly, he said to Matthew:

"I am bitter and confused when I remember it. Sergeant Franz Reimmers was the only soldier I ever lost to the unknown. I will never understand how it could have happened, or how I failed to recover him, alive or dead. There was never a better soldier. I never knew a better friend among enlisted men. I see again today how it was, in this same wind-freaked wilderness. Let me tell you as we go."

While Matthew listened, he kept looking first ahead and then to both sides, as though to discover the secrets of the open day and the open land. There was nothing to see, yet who knew what would betray the presence of Sebastian and the warriors? The distant land—pale yellow, pale rose in the rocky forms, pale blue at the horizon—was broken here and there by idle lifts of dust on the warm wind. Nothing else moved.

**AND** all had seemed still that day thirteen years ago as another Army detachment waited for Sergeant Reimmers to return from a scouting foray. General Quait had every confidence in him. The sergeant was a young man of excellent education. He was a German, former student of the University of Bonn, who had left the Germany he loved because it was being turned into a Germany he detested. He came to the United States to live in the freedom that was being destroyed at home by Bismarck and the German imperialist politicians and army officers.

In this country he found employment as a dispatch runner on the docks of New York. The surge of life borne into New York Harbor by the steamships from Europe week after week made him wonder. Where did so much cargo and so many people go from New York? He

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listened to talk of the West. He was poor and he was ambitious. He believed that he would become a complete American. To do so he must see the whole country. So one day he enlisted in the Army and went as a recruit to Fort Union, in the Territory of New Mexico. He found a land he loved: the whole Southwest.

By the time he was assigned to the Arizona campaign of the seventies under Brigadier General Alexander Upton Quait, he was proficient in English. He became the general's orderly. Of all the soldiers in the command, he was the only one—officers included—with whom the general could talk on matters of history, philosophy, natural science and literature. He was also a student of the desert wilderness, and he soon became an expert Indian fighter, and was promoted to sergeant.

Sergeant Reimmers was not a big man, but he was hardy and agile, with a capacity for work that burned in him—his German heritage—like a passion. He was blond; his eyes were blue; his face was round, smooth-shaven and serious; and he had a reluctant, kind smile that served him when other men laughed out loud.

On that day, thirteen years ago, this particular passage of country was new to the commander and his troops. They had ridden in the pale wastes for so long without seeing a sign of the enemy that this very circumstance seemed more and more significant and dangerous—for they knew the enemy was there. Burnings, murders, thieveries a few days before had proved it.

There was no other direction in which the Apaches under Rainbow Son could escape but this one; and General Quait did not know whether the Indians were invisible on his flanks or whether they had closed behind him and were trailing him with deliberately prolonged anticipation of the feast of blood and shame that they would finally make.

What he could be sure of was that there was no ordinary evidence that the Indians were ahead of him. Yet perhaps they were.

At about noon he gave the order to halt. He said to his subordinates that if they were all entirely visible and exposed in such a position, then any enemy coming toward them must also be. He would take refuge in sheer conspicuousness; if the enemy responded, the battle could be joined.

But he was not so inexperienced as to imagine that in the flattest country the Apache could not at times find cover, and accordingly he rode forward a few yards with Sergeant Reimmers and asked him to make a scouting foray on

## About the Author



Paul Horgan has spent most of his life in the Southwest and has written many of his stories and books about this vast and fascinating region. The story "Duty" on these pages is one of a series of

stories about the Army in the 1880s. The series grew out of Mr. Horgan's own experience on the staff of the New Mexico Military Institute.

Paul Horgan was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1903. Originally he set out on a career as actor, singer, and scenery designer. Then in 1926 he decided to make writing his profession.

a long but shallow arc from south to north, never losing sight of the halted column, and to return instantly if he came upon any sign, any trail, any new ashes, or recent horse droppings by which the recent presence and the direction of the enemy might be determined. Meanwhile, the column would be deployed in positions that would guard it from all approaches.

Before he left on his mission the sergeant said an interesting and curious thing to General Quait:

"Sir, I was thinking how different this country must look at different times of day. Imagine a table top lighted from above. All is flat. But throw light from the side, and little rumples in the tablecloth might show."

"Capital, sergeant! Please to detect all rumples as you ride. I shall sight you frequently from here. Proceed with care and the universal vision of a bird."

THE sergeant saluted and rode toward the south till he could not be distinguished from a rock or a bush in the distance, except that he moved and the rocks and bushes did not. He turned north to ride his long arc.

The troopers in the column were dismounted. Their horses were held by recruits. The men with carbines ready, were ranged in a thin line facing west, but sentries were set out a hundred yards from the main body, facing the cardinal points and ready to fire or call an alarm. General Quait paced in a circle around the troops.

Each time he completed his circle, he found Sergeant Reimmers, moving north, half a mile away, and he measured the sergeant's progress by how much nearer he was to crossing in front of the far distant tower of rock that

was eroded into what looked like a column of great spools. When the sergeant passed the tower of spools, his mission would be half finished, for the tower stood halfway on the arc of his ride. The general calculated, at a certain moment, that the next time he saw the tower of spools in his own conning of the land, he should see Sergeant Reimmers riding right across its base.

He circled the troops once more, saw the tower, looked for the sergeant, and could not find him. He peered again. Some effect of light must have made the sergeant invisible at this distance. Once past the tower, he would show again against the simpler horizon of bleached earth and white sky. The general watched for his appearance. It did not come.

The general took his spyglass.

At first he saw nothing, and then he picked up a horse, the sergeant's mount. The horse was running riderless, tossing its head, turning in random lunges, as if in pain or terror. Sergeant Reimmers was not visible. The land on which he should have shown was a long, flat line with hardly any growth, and only the crazy horse to give it scale. Suddenly, on the general's right and left, the outposts gave yells and fired their carbines.

General Quait lowered his glass, and, swiftly looking to right and left, saw the unbelievable: from the south and from the north, Indian warriors in great numbers were riding down upon his detachment. If they had come straight up out of the ground, they could not have been more startling. What concealment they had used, how they had managed to attack the Army not on one flank but on both, it was impossible to explain. They ran at a full gallop, and their cries came clearly.

The general shouted orders. The sentries ran to the main body. The troops were redeployed, with the horses in the center and two lines of riflemen facing out north and south. They saw the naked Indians riding air just above their horses' backs; and through the dust and noise, the explosions began on both sides, and a few iron-tipped arrows went with the sound of a gut guitar string, and a horse gave out a scream, and the first assault went by. The general could estimate the Apaches' numbers now; they exceeded his own force by four to one.

The Indians rode out to reorganize and sweep back again. The general found an instant to scan the distance again for Sergeant Reimmers and saw again only his horse, that now came bolting to the troop position with an arrow shaft sticking out of its left side.

Sergeant Reimmers had met the Indians in their visibility and somehow had not been able to escape when his horse escaped. General Quait knew what he must do, and it was painful. He must mount his men, get them in motion and, with a platoon of men and horses to save, he must abandon to his fate, whatever it might be, Sergeant Reimmers, lost in distance.

The general knew he had only one advantage over the enemy. Apache horses suffered the same steady abuse as Apache dogs, women and old people. The Army's mounts would show superiority any day. He braced the unit to meet the next attack.

"Riding at full gallop," he said, "they won't be very accurate in their aim. On the ground, we will be. After they pass this time, stand ready for a command to mount."

**T**HE assault came. A soldier was wounded; so were a handful of Indians, and one fell to the ground. As the waves passed by one another from opposite directions, the general called out; the deployed lines broke for the picketed horses; and, with the Indians far out on the desert and still riding away from the troops, the Army galloped back, eastward, across the country over which they had just come. They were heading for the thick mushroom of eroded stone that loomed at the side of the desert. It was a retreat, but it was not a rout.

"In direct combat we could have handled them," General Quait remarked at the time. "What we do not know as well as they is how to use the desert."

By nightfall the Army was among rocks and made camp in a natural fortress, waiting for an attack to come at dawn.

It came. The Apaches were driven off. At midmorning the Indian survivors, including their leader, Rainbow Son, ran away. General Quait led a pursuit, retracing his course of the day before. He tried to bear upon the very spot where he had lost Sergeant Reimmers, but he must have missed it widely, for he found nothing—no trace of a struggle, no body, no break in the open land. Pressing on, he abandoned the sergeant for the second time and tried to discover Rainbow Son.

After days of unrewarded search, he returned to his headquarters. He reported the whole episode in detail to Washington. He was sharply censured by the War Department for his failure to win, in a single action, what decades of frontier effort had been unable to win. There was talk on the floor of the

Senate that the conduct of the Indian war in the Far West should be investigated.

In finishing his story, General Quait said to Matthew Hazard, who strained at the Latin with academic respect and frantic ignorance: "*Iniquissima haec bellorum condicio est, prospera omnes sibi vindicant adversa uni imputantur.*" An observation from Tacitus, the Agricola, which I always translate as this: 'Of all conditions of war, this is the most unfair—that all take credit for victory, while in defeat giving blame to one.' This was assuredly my experience."

"I see, sir. And there was never anything more about Sergeant Reimmers?"

"Nothing. We saved the sergeant's saddle and pack, and later I found a few personal effects to send his father and mother in Bonn. Among them was his diary. I read it." The general smiled with a scholar's pleasure. "It was written in English, with an occasional German construction. There were even a few loose leaves with notes made the day he disappeared. He always carried a pencil and some folded sheets of paper. I used to see him scribbling observations even on horseback, at the walk or halt. A lively, a most lively student of his environment."

"Did you ever hear from his people, sir?" Matthew asked.

"Yes, I did. Professor Reimmers wrote to me, just one letter. I still have it. In it, he said that his son had written home many times about the United States, and he always used the expression 'we Americans' and spoke again and again of how the whole country was the creation of all the people, voluntarily, and how a man was willing to do his duty because it was not required of him by force. Most moving, you see."

Matthew felt a little chill. What if, one day, his beautiful young wife should have to be told by his commander that he was lost to her forever? Many another soldier's family had heard such news. He put down his emotion by staring ahead at distant little whirlwinds that lifted the sand of the desert into the air. The columns of sand spun a while and then faded into nothing against the sky. He gestured at them.

General Quait nodded. "The dry winds at their work. Imagine the millions of years needed for them to change the earth as it was changed here." He glanced ruefully at Matthew. The lieutenant was a good officer and a good companion, but he did not have a darting mind, and the general was obliged to answer his own speculations for himself. He followed a new train of thought. "Our tasks, like the wind's, are

never finished. A soldier's work, to be done, sometimes has to be done over and over. Then, we sought Rainbow Son. Now, we seek Sebastian."

"Yes, sir," Matthew rose a little in his saddle and pointed. "There's a beauty, sir."

A particularly high, thin and powerful column of whirling pale sand was moving in the distance straight ahead of them. It seemed to approach them, dancing mightily as its tip touched and leaped and touched on the earth. Suddenly it touched and at once violently changed color.

"How incredible!" General Quait cried. "I have never seen that happen before."

The whirlwind had, in an instant, sucked up and made into a flying column some earth dust of a heavy, dull yellow. And then, in another instant, the yellow fell like scattered powder against the sky, and the wind once again whirled plain sand over the ground.

"We must see what caused that. It lies right in our path," said the general. "It was precisely like changing the color of smoke from a fire by adding certain minerals. Lieutenant, signal 'Trot.'"

Matthew gave the hand signal, the column broke into a trot, and Matthew smiled at the privileges of rank that permitted a major general in the field to order forty indifferent men to hasten forward with him as he pursued a point of natural science.

"Lieutenant," called the general, in the voice that he could thin to a penetrating command, "take over the lookout. It was very close to here that they came on me the other time. I will watch for the yellow earth."

They trotted for perhaps ten minutes. If Sebastian and his marauders were near, there was no sign of them. But by now Matthew was schooled to take particular care in the most innocent of situations.

"**A**H, yes!" cried General Quait abruptly. He saw something. He said, "Signal 'Walk.'"

The column came down to a walk.

"Signal 'Halt.'"

They halted.

"How perfectly, and superbly, extraordinary," said the general softly, gazing at what he saw. It was the mouth of an open pit in the earth, roughly triangular, and about three yards wide. The edges of the opening were worn by weather and dusted with the yellow earth they had seen staggering in the air. Otherwise, the ground was of ordinary sand. "You see, Lieutenant, here is a weak place in the

earth's crust. The wind has drilled this pit and touched soft yellow—ocherous—soil. We saw it taken high in the air by the updraft. How beautiful! I must see more."

He dismounted, handed his reins to Matthew and walked to the edge of the pit. He peered into its dark depths, murmuring with real delight, and ended by slapping his leg and saying to Matthew, "You do see, don't you? This is a wind creation, an *inverted* tower, so to speak, created by just what made the stone structures."

He threw off his linen duster. "I must descend," he cried.

No, oh, good grief, no, Matthew said to himself. The old gentleman was all but dancing with pleasure. His sun helmet, his white beard, his long-boned, gesturing hands seemed to Matthew like irritating, absurd extensions of his unpredictable personality. But aloud Matthew replied only, "Very well, sir. Give us instructions."

"A rope under my arms," said the general. "The other end tied through your saddle horn"—the Army's McClellan saddle had an opening there—"and at my signal, you will walk your horse slowly forward until I am on the bottom, or have, quite literally"—he laughed dryly—"reached the end of my rope. I shall take a quartermaster's camphine lantern to see by down there. When I tug on the rope once, pull me up by backing your animal. If I tug twice, arrange, in this same way, to join me. Is this clear? And see that the lookout is sharply maintained in all directions while we are halted."

To the great interest of the troopers, the exercise was carried out just as the general had ordered. As he went over the edge, he peered at them all, and something in his face made them laugh with admiration at his juvenile zest for investigation. Matthew rode slowly forward. His rope was sixty feet long. When about sixteen feet had been paid out over the edge, the rope slackened suddenly. Major General Alexander Up-ton Quait had reached bottom.

A little haze of yellow dust drifted up from the pit. There was a long pause, and then there came two violent tugs at the rope. Matthew, with a sigh, dismounted and prepared to join his commander down in the ground. He turned the command over to the first sergeant with strict instructions, and in his turn was lowered into the gloom of the pit.

For moments he could not see, even though a thin line of midday light from the autumn sky touched the earth wall to his right. He could hardly breathe, for the confined air of the pit was dense

with disturbed dust. He could hear the general's voice close to him.

"Lieutenant, lieutenant, what a tremendous moment! Move gently or you will free the dust. But look, son, look!"

The general's voice trembled with exaltation and awe. He put his hand on Matthew's shoulder and held high his camphine lantern. Now the vaulted twilight cleared for Matthew; the dust fell slowly about him. Under the vibrating hand of General Quait, he looked at the



wall of the pit opposite. He opened his mouth and, in shock at what he saw, took in a great draft of yellow, dusty air.

A slope of earth, sharply inclined, reached out from the wall of the pit toward the center of the soft, dusty floor. Leaning on it was the figure of a man, face downward, with his head turned sideways and resting on his raised left arm. His right arm was curved under his belly. He was dusted thickly with the golden earth of his open grave. His cheeks were gaunt and parched, but they showed skin, not bone. So did his hands. His hair was long over his collar, and a silky beard grew along his jawbones. He was clothed in garments that were bulky on his shrunken figure. He was a mummy, preserved by the dryness of the desert air and the driftings of the yellow earth about him.

The general and the lieutenant in the sifting silence listened to their hearts beating, and heard eternity. Gradually they came to detect in the air a dry, herbal scent that was laden with sweetness. General Quait spoke first.

He raised his hand toward the still figure. "The chevrons will show under the dust. There will be crossed sabers on his collar. Somewhere under the soft floor may lie his carbine. Sergeant Franz Reimmers, leaning here for thirteen years."

Matthew stared at the general. "Is this he?"

"I know him. At last I am answered."

They fell silent again, until Matthew said, "How do you suppose—"

"Yes, you see," interrupted the gen-

eral, "he was attacked, for his horse showed it. He was dismounted and ran for safety and fell into this. There was no way out. We searched for him but this pit could only be found by accident."

"What is that in his hand?" he asked, peering sharply. Matthew leaned forward while the general held the lantern close. Showing under his left side was the right hand of Sergeant Reimmers, holding three things. One was a small crucifix, one was a big silver watch that he clutched by its chain, and the third was a scrap of paper.

"Let me have them," the general said.

With strange feelings Matthew took the watch and the cross from the withered fingers and handed them to the general, who said, "Yes, he thought of time, measurable time—the watch—and eternity—the cross. Yes, the ultimate subjects for a philosopher. And the paper?" he added.

Matthew blew the dust from the paper and saw lines written on it. He began to scan it in the lantern light.

"Read it to me," the general said.

Matthew read aloud:

"For General Quait, or whom otherwise it may concern: in the last possibility that this may be found in time to be of service, I wish to report that west of this pit, into which I fell while after my wounded horse running there is another break in the earth. It can no more be seen than this opening until immediately you are upon it. It is a long trough of ocherous earth reaching from north to south, about twenty feet wide, and eight to seventeen feet deep. If from the west approached, it might from a little distance be seen. If from the east, as we approached, it is invisible, for the near lip is higher than the far one, and in a full overhead light no difference between them shows."

"I came upon it in astonishment, dismounted and crawled near. There were the Indians, hidden from view, yet mounted and ready to go forth. Riding to right and left to the ends of the trough they could suddenly appear on the desert with terrible surprise. I started back to report. They saw me and gave their attack order and rode out two ways. One remained to deal with me. He fired at me. I ran. He saw me fall, but not from his bullet. In here I fell. I pray they brought us no harm. I feel shame for failure of my duty to return with warning. May God keep me if I am to remain here to die. *Fur meinen—*" Matthew paused in difficulty over the German.

The general took the sheet and finished: "*Fur meinen Vater und meine Mutter, Liebe und Trost*—for my father

and mother, love and consolation. *Fur Amerika, Glaube and Dank*—for America, faith and thanks." The paper was not signed. The hand in which it was found was its endorsement. He frowned at the paper for a moment as though to force from it a living vision of the man who had written it.

Then he whirled to the lieutenant and struck him sharply on the arm, and for one of very few times addressed him by his first name. "Matthew!" he cried, and the dust came up about them, and the air throbbed with his excited voice, and the agitated lantern shifted the shadows of the dead figure until it too seemed to move. "We must go up! Follow me instantly!"

The general tugged at his rope once, mightily, the signal to be hoisted away. "The minute I am clear, you will follow," he said. "I will order the platoon mounted immediately and formed into line. I will order the charge."

**H**IS rope went taut, and General Quait began slowly to rise, turning in mid-air. If, under the circumstances, the spectacle had not been ghostly, it would have been comic. "We must risk being fools," he said in wry excitement, "if there is one chance to be heroes." He reached the opening and, with a scramble, was gone.

Matthew, bearing the lantern, was hauled up immediately afterward.

The action of the next few moments was rapid and as silent as possible. Only hand signals were given. The platoon came into line. With the general and Matthew in front, the line broke into the charge with a great ragged leap and galloped directly to the west, where the land seemed to be—but was not, as they now knew—unbroken.

General Quait had put on his duster again. It flew behind him like a cloak. He rode, all skin and bone and linen, lightly as a child, with a kind of animal trust in his horse that was felt and returned. In the charge, the numbers were small, the distance to cover was not great (perhaps a quarter of a mile), the objective not really certain. But the troopers and the lieutenant rode with their commander's exulting spirit.

It brought them in a very short while to the first glimpse of the long break north and south in the ground. An almost perpendicular bank lay in front of them. General Quait signaled "Follow me!" and plunged almost straight down for seventeen feet and rode to the opposite wall. He reared his horse, turned and halted to point his Colt revolver at Chief Sebastian of the Chiricahua

Apaches, who stood, with fifty of his men, surrounded by the hard-breathing platoon of United States Cavalry with carbines at the aim.

"Yes," said the general, "how perfectly just that you should be here, where I was told to find you."

The Apache leader, a tall, heavy man with a foul blanket belted about him, said nothing.

The general spoke to him next in Spanish, saying, "You are all prisoners. You will march with us to the east to be tried for your crimes. Do you understand?"

The Indian replied in Spanish, "Yes."

"Very well. Order your men to give up their arms."

The Indian gave the order in the Apache tongue, and the general called out, "Lieutenant, order the arms collected and then join me."

While troopers went among the Indians, taking up their firearms and bows, and Matthew rode up next to him, the general gave himself a moment of professional curiosity. To Sebastian he said, "I suppose you observed us?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not attack? Because you knew our numbers were too great?"

"Yes."

"Then if you did not attack, your only chance was to lie hidden here thinking we would pass by all unknowing," the general continued.

"Yes."

"Then you could have fallen on us from the rear."

Sebastian remained silent.

The general smiled. This was confirmation enough. Then he asked, "Why did you not open fire as we rode here?"

Sebastian looked long at him, deciding whether to answer. The general did not threaten him in any ordinary way. He leaned down a little in his saddle and pierced the chief's resistance with a terrible glaring smile that was like a fatal blow from an infinitely superior power—the power of his mind.

After a second more, Sebastian replied, "We still did not think you knew we were here. We did not dare to let you know. And then it was too late."

General Quait exhaled in satisfaction. "Thank you. That is all," he said.

The Indian made an inquiring gesture.

"Yes?" said the general. "You wish to ask me something?"

"How did you know—" said Sebastian, and with a swing of his head indicated the long hiding place and the presence of the Indians there.

"I will tell you," said the general. "I went deep down in the earth and met

the spirit of all that is good in mankind. He told me."

For the first time, the Indian put his head down. He was really defeated, and he knew it.

The general turned to Matthew. "Very well, Lieutenant, organize the march. The prisoners will walk."

A little later, the long column moved out toward the east and the home station of the platoon. As they neared the pit, General Quait directed Matthew to have a small detachment fall out for a special detail.

"Sergeant Reimmers has stood for thirteen years as if at a post of duty," he said. "It is time we relieved him and gave him rest."

The special detail raised the occupant of the pit into the afternoon daylight and buried him in gray blankets. His mound was narrow and low, for the years, the drying air and the heat had long since taken his substance mostly away. Over the mound they flew the flag of the United States. Then, having done all they could to make, however temporary, a place of honor and ease for the soldier who had served them that day, they rode away to overtake the column moving eastward in the desert.

They camped that night in the open. Extra guards were posted over the prisoners. Low fires were kept up at the edges of the camp. Some of the troopers, too tired to be wise, threw themselves down in their clothes to sleep without taking their blankets from their packs.

**L**ATE, in the darkness, with only the low light of the watch fires showing, General Quait lay thinking, though he seemed to be asleep.

Presently the general was distracted from his thoughts. He saw that someone was moving quietly through the camp among the sleeping troopers, bending over them one by one. The general was about to go forward to investigate and then he realized what was happening. Someone was quietly looking to see if all the sleeping soldiers were covered by blankets. For those who were not, he opened their packs, unrolled their blankets and covered them against the sharply fallen temperature of the night. His task done, he rose and stood for a moment in the quiet bivouac. Something in his bearing, seen against the starry sky, told General Quait who it was. It was Lieutenant Hazard, not yet gone to his own rest after the hard day.

"Yes, duty," the general said to himself with a pang of pride for the young officer. "There is this about it: It never ends."



As he reaches the speed of sound, terrorstricken pilot Garthwaite (Nigel Patrick) loses control of plane.

# Breaking the Sound Barrier

*Scenes from a film about pioneer efforts  
in faster-than-sound flying*



Designer Willy Sparks models a jet to fly faster than sound.



Pilot Tony Garthwaite gives his life in the jet's test flight.

LITERARY CAVALCADE



After the first disaster, designer Sparks builds a new jet for another attempt to pierce the barrier.



Tony's friend, Philip, laces his flying suit for the second attempt to fly faster than sound.

**H**ERE is a dramatic chapter from the history of aviation that was written only yesterday. Until a few years ago no pilot had succeeded in flying a plane faster than the speed at which sound travels through the atmosphere. The human and mechanical problems involved were too complex. And it is out of the clash of these elements—human and mechanical—that Terrence Rattigan, the famous British playwright, has wrought the story of this film. The conflict grows out of the efforts of a plane manufacturer—a man of vision—to make his dreams come true despite human and mechanical limitations.

The film is a David Lean Production, released in this country by United Artists.



No one, including his daughter (Anne Todd) can understand why the pioneer manufacturer (Ralph Richardson) is risking another man and plane for a stubborn dream.

Philip (John Justin) flies through the sound barrier, and returns without accident—and a new world is opened to aviation.



# North Atlantic

By CARL SANDBURG

When the sea is everywhere  
from horizon to horizon . . .  
    when the salt and blue  
    fill a circle of horizons . . .  
I swear again how I know  
the sea is older than anything else  
and the sea younger than anything else.

My first father was a landsman.  
My tenth father was a sea-lover,  
    a gypsy sea-boy, a singer of chanties,  
    (Oh Blow the Man Down!)

The sea is always the same:  
and yet the sea always changes.

    The sea gives all,  
    and yet the sea keeps something back.

The sea takes without asking.  
The sea is a worker, a thief and a loafer.  
    Why does the sea let go so slow?  
    Or never let go at all?  
The sea always the same  
day after day,  
the sea always the same  
night after night,  
fog on fog and never a star,  
wind on wind and running white sheets,  
bird on bird always a sea-bird—  
so the days get lost:  
it is neither Saturday nor Monday,  
it is any day or no day,  
it is a year, ten years.

    Fog on fog and never a star,  
    what is a man, a child, a woman,  
    to the green and grinding sea?

The ropes and boards squeak and groan.

On the land they know a child they have named Today.  
On the sea they know three children they have named:  
    Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow.

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burg*, published by Harcourt. Copyright, 1950, by Carl Sandburg.



Courtesy of Associated American Artists

"Island Mailboat," lithograph by Robert von Neumann.

In the deep of a sea-blue noon  
many women run in a man's head,  
phantom women leaping from a man's forehead  
    . . . to the railings . . . into the sea . . . to the sea rim . . .  
    . . . a man's mother . . . a man's wife . . . other women . . .  
I asked a sure-footed sailor how and he said:  
    I have known many women but there is only one sea.

I saw the North Star once  
and our old friend, The Big Dipper,  
    only the sea between us:  
    "Take away the sea  
    and I lift The Dipper  
    swing the handle of it,  
    drink from the brim of it."

I saw the North Star one night  
and five new stars for me in the rigging ropes,  
and seven old stars in the cross of the wireless  
    plunging by night,  
    plowing by night—  
Five new cool stars, seven old warm stars.

I have been let down in a thousand graves  
    by my kinfolk.  
I have been left alone with the sea and the sea's  
    wife, the wind, for my last friends  
And my kinfolk never knew anything about it at all.

Salt from an old work of eating our graveclothes is here.  
    The sea-kin of my thousand graves,  
    The sea and the sea's wife, the wind,  
They are all here tonight  
    between the circle of horizons,  
    between the cross of the wireless  
    and the seven old warm stars.  
Out of a thousand sea-holes I came yesterday.  
Out of a thousand sea-holes I come tomorrow.

I am kin of the changer.  
    I am a son of the sea  
    and the sea's wife, the wind.

# Caval QUIZ • Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion  
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ CLASS \_\_\_\_\_ JANUARY, 1953

## Focus on Reading

### Quick Quiz

#### A. Rock of Ages (p. 3)

Write "L" before the sentences which describe Saul Loeffler; write "Q" before those which describe Mark Quill. Write "T" before the one sentence which best expresses the theme of this story.

Count four points for each sentence you mark correctly. Total: 20.

- \_\_\_1. He purposely knocked a hole into one of the walls on the farm, a hole big enough for a cow to get through.
- \_\_\_2. His pride in his workmanship and in his independence was all important, more important to him than good meals or a soft bed.
- \_\_\_3. He was too preoccupied with his own farm to trouble himself about an ornery old man.
- \_\_\_4. He had the insight to understand another man's pride; the sympathy to understand another's dreams.
- \_\_\_5. He could think of no finer monument to his own memory than the work of his own hands.
- \_\_\_6. Among the things in life most worth caring about, human sympathy is one; fine workmanship, another.

My score \_\_\_\_\_

#### B. A Farewell to the American People (p. 6)

Check the sentences which best summarize Sir Oliver Franks' Thanksgiving address. Write "X" opposite those which do not apply. Count four points for each sentence. Total: 24.

- \_\_\_1. Britain and America may sometimes disagree, but they are united in their desire for a free, peaceful, and prosperous world.
- \_\_\_2. In the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact, and the struggle in Korea, the U. S. has revealed courage and idealism.
- \_\_\_3. America's history is the history of the land—the conquering of the wilderness, the building of great cities.
- \_\_\_4. The pilgrim fathers never ceased to be English, and Americans today are very much like the English.

(Answers appear in the Teacher Edition)

\_\_\_5. Winston Churchill, eager to extend his acquaintance with the American people, will visit this country in the spring.

\_\_\_6. The differences between the British and the Americans are for the good, and help to make our mutual decisions wiser and our goals clearer.

My score \_\_\_\_\_

#### C. The Diary of Anne Frank (p. 7)

In each of the following sentences, underline the word (or words) in parentheses which correctly completes the sentence. Count three points for each. Total: 18.

1. At the time she wrote her diary, Anne Frank was living in (Germany, Holland).
2. The secret hiding place of the Frank family was (in London, in an office building in Holland).
3. Anne worried about Peter Van Daan because (he had no fixed goals, he seldom laughed).
4. Anne saw herself as two people: (one brave and strong, the other timid and fearful; one cheerful and frivolous, the other finer and more serious).
5. During the time her family was in hiding, Anne (never went out-of-doors, went outside only to attend classes).



Grindall in the Saturday Review of Literature

6. After her family left their hiding-place, Anne (died in a concentration camp, was rescued by the Allied forces).

My score\_\_\_\_\_

#### D. Duty (p. 10)

Check the name of the person or the description of the situation to which each of the following quotations refers. Count five points for each. Total: 20.

1. "He was poor and he was ambitious. He believed that he would become a complete American."

- \_\_\_a. Gen. Quait as a young man.
- \_\_\_b. Sgt. Reimmers.

2. "Lieutenant, lieutenant, what a tremendous moment! Move gently. . . . But look, son, look!"

- \_\_\_a. Quait pointing to the mummy of Sgt. Reimmers.
- \_\_\_b. Quait sighting the Apaches.

3. "I feel shame for failure of my duty to return with warning. May God keep me. . . ."

- \_\_\_a. Lt. Hazard speaking to Gen. Quait.
- \_\_\_b. Words from the letter in Sgt. Reimmers' hand.

4. "'Yes, duty,' the general said to himself. . . . 'There is this about it; it never dies.'"

- \_\_\_a. The general's thoughts immediately upon discovering the mummy of Sgt. Reimmers.
- \_\_\_b. The general's reflection upon seeing that Lt. Hazard, like Reimmers, understood the meaning of duty.

My score\_\_\_\_\_

#### E. Bullfighter from Brooklyn (p. 32)

I. Match the descriptions in Column II with the correct names in Column I. Count two points for each. Total score: 10.

| Column I               | Column II                                                    |
|------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| ___1. Marcial Lalando  | a. bullfighter who taught Sidney Franklin                    |
| ___2. Don Ramon        | b. owner of the ranch where Franklin fought his first bulls. |
| ___3. Rodolfo Gaona    | c. American writer interested in bullfighting                |
| ___4. Don Abelardo     | d. promoter of a large bull ring                             |
| ___5. Ernest Hemingway | e. the first bullfighter Franklin ever saw in action         |

My score\_\_\_\_\_

II. Check the sentences which best explain the experiences which led Sidney Franklin to become a full-fledged bullfighter. Write "X" after those which do not. Count two points for each sentence. Total: 8.

- \_\_\_a. From early childhood, he had dreamed of appearing in a bull ring.
- \_\_\_b. He more or less stumbled into bullfighting as a result of having his bluff called.

\_\_\_c. His first fight in a public ring was made under protest and only because a promoter insisted upon it.

\_\_\_d. When he saw his first bull fight he was impressed by the skill, and grace, and drama of the spectacle.

My score\_\_\_\_\_

My total score\_\_\_\_\_

Perfect Total Score: 100

#### What Do You Think?

One of the great pleasures and rewards of reading is the opportunity to meet and understand a variety of interesting people. You are introduced to many such people in this month's *Literary Cavalcade*. The following questions will provide a starting-point for you and your classmates to share your ideas about what these people are like, and what they stand for.

##### A. Saul Loeffler (Rock of Ages, p. 3)

In what ways did Saul Loeffler's attitude toward Mark Quill differ from that of most of the townspeople? What does this attitude toward Mark suggest to you about Saul's own character? What is on Saul's mind at the end of the story when he asks his wife, "If anybody remembered us, what'd it be for?" How would you describe Saul's way of meeting what disappointments life has offered him? What might these disappointments have been?

##### B. Sir Oliver Franks (Speech, p. 6)

On the basis of this speech, how would you describe Sir Oliver Franks' personality? his education? his understanding of human problems? Would you judge that he would be a competent statesman? If so, why? What do you think the qualities of a good salesman should be?

##### C. Anne Frank (The Diary of a Young Girl, p. 7)

In what ways would you consider Anne Frank to be a typical teen-ager? In what ways was she different from most people her age whom you know? Do you think that most teen-agers—like Anne—are inwardly very much concerned with their efforts to make friends? the attempt to understand their own personalities? What were Anne's thoughts on these subjects? Do you find yourself in agreement with these thoughts? Why or why not? Did you find any evidence to suggest that Anne's years in hiding had changed her in any way? If so, in what ways?

##### D. Sidney Franklin (Bullfighter from Brooklyn, p. 32)

Was Sidney Franklin interesting to you mainly because of the kind of person he was, or mainly because of the unusual experiences he had had? In other words, try to describe your final impression of him as a person? What do you think his reaction might be to a walk in the woods? to a new book? to children? to admiring crowds? In what ways is he a "man of action"? Explain your answers by specific reference to the story.

## Have Fun with Words

### Confused?

Some things in life are certain; others are not. It's the uncertain, bewildering, and confusing aspects of life that this month's vocabulary is concerned with.

1. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the letters of the appropriate *Column II* definitions opposite the numbers of the *Column I* words. Count five points for each. Total: 50.

(Note: Answers appear in the Teacher Edition. Some of the words listed are close enough in meaning so that a few of the definitions are interchangeable. In these cases, the Teacher Edition answers give credit for either definition.)

#### Column I

- \_\_\_1. dilemma
- \_\_\_2. enigmatic
- \_\_\_3. irresolute
- \_\_\_4. chaos
- \_\_\_5. vacillation
- \_\_\_6. quandary
- \_\_\_7. inscrutable
- \_\_\_8. incomprehensible
- \_\_\_9. nonplused
- \_\_\_10. unpredictable

#### Column II

- a. undetermined, wavering
- b. complete confusion
- c. a state of doubt
- d. unable to be known beforehand
- e. puzzled, disconcerted
- f. bewildering, mysterious
- g. changeableness, a wavering in purpose or action
- h. incapable of being guessed
- i. a predicament, a perplexing choice
- j. incapable of being understood

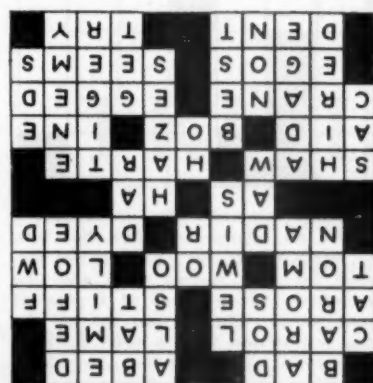
My score \_\_\_\_\_

### Put Words to Work

II. First, correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the sentences below a word from *Column I*, Section I, which fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. (As with the definitions in Section I, more than one word may be right.)

Count five points for each sentence. Total: 50.

1. The speaker's final remarks threw the audience into



### Crossword Puzzle Answer

Sure, you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 4-C of Cav-alquiz.

### Watch That Word

"Competent aficionados are limited in number." "Sidney Franklin as a Matador," page 32.

*Aficionado*. Watch this word! You won't find *aficionado* in the dictionary yet—but it's taking out its citizenship papers.



Everyone knows that a large majority of English words have foreign backgrounds. Most of the time, however, we tend to think that these words crept into our language from other countries long, long ago.

The fact is that this absorption of foreign words into English is still going on. *Aficionado* is an example. *Aficionado* is a Spanish word meaning "an enthusiastic follower of a sport"—particularly bullfighting.

Recently, English-language writers have been using this word as a convenient term to denote an enthusiastic fan of anything—sports, science fiction, the theatre.

a \_\_\_\_\_ of laughter. (*complete disorder*)

2. Knowing that she would cause hurt feelings whatever she did, Maud was in a \_\_\_\_\_. (*state of being puzzled as to what she should choose to do*)

3. It is probably a good thing that most of tomorrow's problems are \_\_\_\_\_. (*unforeseeable*)

4. The violence of her reply left me \_\_\_\_\_. (*perplexed, taken aback*)

5. The Mona Lisa is famous for her \_\_\_\_\_ smile. (*puzzling*)

6. For \_\_\_\_\_ motives of his own, George has taken up the study of Malayan plant life. (*baffling, impossible to fathom*)

7. Your unexpected request finds me in a \_\_\_\_\_. (*state of uncertainty*)

8. Bob is too weak and \_\_\_\_\_ to be a good leader. (*undecided*)

9. He spoke so rapidly that his remarks were \_\_\_\_\_. (*impossible to understand*)

10. An army officer must act quickly without \_\_\_\_\_. (*change of mind*)

My score \_\_\_\_\_

## Composition Capers

### Writing Dialogue

Good dialogue is one effective way of arousing and sustaining interest in a story. As the opening hook of a story, it can be arresting and intriguing. And at the end of a story, dialogue can provide just the right finishing touch.

### Variety and Reality

In the body of a story, dialogue provides variety. After a descriptive or explanatory paragraph, it brings about a change of pace that is often welcome. Moreover, when a fictional character speaks directly in his own words, he becomes more real to us.

### Naturalism

If the illusion of reality is to be convincing, of course, the dialogue must be *natural*. We must believe that the words within quotation marks are words that the character would naturally use.

Notice, for example, how the following dialogue from "Rock of Ages" (p. 3) fulfills these requirements. Both Saul and Maud speak the language of simple, uneducated people. But what they say and the way they speak it reveals their different temperaments—Saul, slow and thoughtful; Maud, abrupt and unimaginative:

"Mark's gonna hep fix the 'tainin' wall," Saul said.  
"Wall don't need fixin'," Maud said.

### Unity

The dialogue of a story cannot, of course, ever be *completely* natural. Real-life conversation is often rambling and repetitious. In a good story, there can be no such loose ends. The dialogue must *sound* natural. However, unlike everyday talk, it must help the story to move forward to its conclusion. Good story dialogue must, in other words, have unity.

### It's Your Move

How can you learn to write good dialogue? There's no sure-fire formula, but here are two good ideas:

1. *Listen*. Listen to the people you hear talking—wherever you are. Try to discover the special rhythms of their speech, the range of their vocabularies. If you like, keep a notebook. Write down in it snatches of overheard conversation that stick with you as being interesting or characteristic.

2. *Practice*. Practice writing dialogue by itself. Here's an exercise to start you off:

Write up three discussions in which the three pairs of people listed below exchange ideas on the problems of getting by on one's salary. Let the dialogue suggest specific differences between the people who are speaking: a. an employer and his young stenographer; b. a teacher and a salesman; c. a soda jerk and his girl friend.

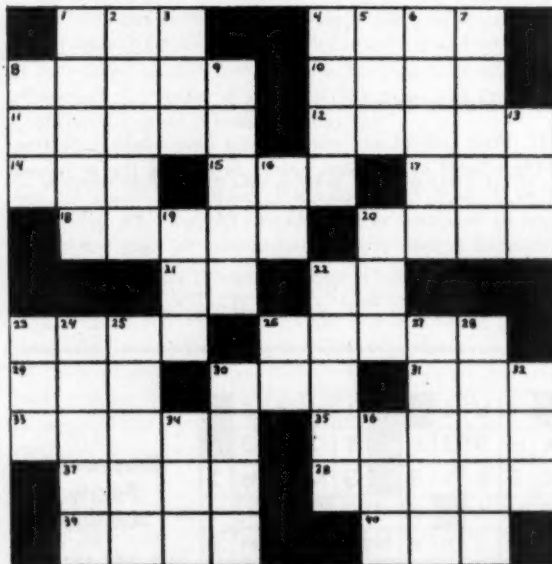
### ACROSS

1. Evil; wicked.
4. In bed.
- \* 8. Dickens' *A Christmas* \_\_\_\_\_
10. Crippled or disabled.
11. Got up.
12. Rigid; tight.
- \* 14. Boys' book, \_\_\_\_\_ *Sawyer*.
15. Court a young lady.
17. Not high.
18. The lowest point: opposite of zenith.
20. Tinted.
21. Like.
22. Exclamation of joy.
- \* 23. Irish playwright who wrote *Androcles and the Lion* and *Saint Joan*.
- \* 26. Author of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is Bret \_\_\_\_\_
29. Help.
- \* 30. Pen name of Dickens.
31. Suffix meaning "pertaining to" as in mar\_\_\_\_\_ and Florent\_\_\_\_\_.
- \* 33. Author of *The Red Badge of Courage* is Stephen \_\_\_\_\_
35. Urged or incited on.
37. Senses of importance.
38. Appears.
39. Small indentation.
40. Attempt.

### DOWN

- \* 1. German folk hero: \_\_\_\_\_ Munchausen.
2. Fragrance.
- \* 3. Novelist-author of *U.S.A.* is John \_\_\_\_\_ Passos.
4. In addition.
5. Baseball equipment.
- \* 6. Author of *Wuthering Heights*: \_\_\_\_\_ Bronte.
- \* 7. Author of *Robinson Crusoe*: Daniel \_\_\_\_\_
- \* 8. Edgar Allan Poe's short story "The Black \_\_\_\_\_"
- \* 9. Author of *Arrowsmith*: Sinclair \_\_\_\_\_
13. Forward (*abbrev.*).
16. Either.
- \* 19. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's story "Marjorie \_\_\_\_\_"
20. Daughters of the American Revolution (initials).
22. Plays practical jokes.
23. Baglike part of an animal containing fluid.
- \* 24. Frost's poem "The Death of the \_\_\_\_\_ Man."
25. Proverb or maxim.
- \* 26. Kingsley's *Westward* \_\_\_\_\_
- \* 27. Stockton's story: "The Lady or the \_\_\_\_\_"
- \* 28. Ibsen's "\_\_\_\_\_ of the People."
30. Good, better, \_\_\_\_\_
32. Editors (*abbrev.*).
34. Prefix meaning "not."
36. Obtain.

## Your Crossword Bookshop



● There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (\*) are all related to books. See how many of these starred words (there are 17) you can get. Allow yourself 4 points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 1 point if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 3-C, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



Woodblock by L. J. Sanger, courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery, New York

# TRIFLES

*A classic of murder and mystery  
and eerie suspense in a lonely farmhouse*

A One-Act Play

By SUSAN GLASPELL

JANUARY, 1953

## CHARACTERS

GEORGE HENDERSON, County  
Attorney  
HENRY PETERS, Sheriff  
LEWIS HALE, a neighboring  
farmer  
MRS. PETERS  
MRS. HALE

SCENE: The kitchen in the now abandoned farmhouse of John Wright, a gloomy kitchen, and left without being put in order—unwashed pans under the sink, a loaf of bread outside the breadbox, a dish towel on the table—other signs of incomplete work. At the rear the outer door opens and the sheriff comes in followed by the county attorney and Mr. Hale. They are followed by the two women—the sheriff's wife first; she is a slight, wiry woman, a thin, nervous face. Mrs. Hale is larger and would ordinarily be called more comfortable looking, but she is disturbed now and looks fearfully about as she enters. The women stand close together near the door. (Turn page)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*rubbing his hands before the stove*): This feels good. Come up to the fire, ladies.

MRS. PETERS (*after taking a step forward*): I'm not—cold.

SHERIFF (*unbuttoning his overcoat and stepping away from the stove as if to mark the beginning of official business*): Now, Mr. Hale, before we move things about, you explain to Mr. Henderson just what you saw when you came here yesterday morning.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: By the way, has anything been moved? Are things just as you left them yesterday?

SHERIFF (*looking about*): It's just the same. When it dropped below zero last night I thought I'd better send Frank out this morning to make a fire for us—no use getting pneumonia with a big case on, but I told him not to touch anything except the stove—and you know Frank.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Somebody should have been left here yesterday.

SHERIFF: Oh—yesterday. When I had to send Frank to Morris Center for that man who went crazy—I want you to know I had my hands full yesterday. I knew you could get back from Omaha by today and as long as I went over everything here myself—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Well, Mr. Hale, tell just what happened when you came here yesterday morning.

HALE: Hairy and I had started to town with a load of potatoes. We came along the road from my place and as I got here I said, "I'm going to see if I can't get John Wright to go in with me on a party telephone." I spoke to Wright about it once before and he put me off, saying folks talked too much anyway, and all he asked was peace and quiet—I guess you know about how much he talked himself; but I thought maybe if I went to the house and talked about it before his wife, though I said to Harry that I didn't know as what his wife wanted made much difference to John—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Let's talk about that later, Mr. Hale. I do want to talk about that, but tell now just what happened when you got to the house.

HALE: I didn't hear or see anything; I knocked at the door, and still it was all quiet inside. I knew they must be up, it was past eight o'clock. So I knocked again, and I thought I heard somebody say, "Come in." I wasn't sure, I'm not sure yet, but I opened the door—this door (*indicating the door by which the two women are still standing*) and there in that rocker—sat Mrs. Wright. (*They all look at rocker.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: What—was she doing?

HALE: She was rockin' back and forth. She had her apron in her hand and was kind of—pleating it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: And how did she—look?

HALE: Well, as if she didn't know what she was going to do next. And kind of done up.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: How did she seem to feel about your coming?

HALE: Why, I don't think she minded—one way or the other. She didn't

### About the Author

Susan Glaspell, who died in 1948 at the age of 66, was born in Davenport, Iowa. After college she did newspaper work in Des Moines, then wrote a novel that sold well enough to finance a year in Paris. When she returned to the United States she allied herself with the Provincetown Players, a little group of brilliant writers and actors. At the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown, Mass., were staged for the first time plays which later became famous, such as the early works of Eugene O'Neill.

The author is best known for the biography of her husband, George Cram Cook, the leading spirit of the Provincetown group. This was published under the title *The Road to the Temple*. For her play *Alison's House*, Miss Glaspell won the Pulitzer Prize in 1930.

pay much attention. I said, "How do, Mrs. Wright, it's cold, ain't it?" And she said, "Is it?"—and went on kind of pleating at her apron. Well, I was surprised; she didn't ask me to come up to the stove, or to set down, but just sat there, not even looking at me, so I said, "I want to see John." And then she—laughed. I guess you would call it a laugh. I thought of Harry and the team outside, so I said a little sharp: "Can't I see John?" "No," she says, kind of dull-like. "Ain't he home?" says I. "Yes," says she. "he's home." "Then why can't I see him?" I asked her, out of patience. "'Cause he's dead," says she. "Dead?" says I. She just nodded her head, not getting a bit excited, but rockin' back and forth. "Why—where is he?" says I, not knowing what to say. She just pointed upstairs—like that (*himself pointing to the room above*). I got up, with the idea of going up there. I walked from there to here—then I says, "Why, what did he die of?" "He died of a rope round his neck," says she, and just went on pleatin' at her apron. Well, I went out and called Harry. I thought I might—need help. We went upstairs and there he was lyin'—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I think I'd rather have you go into that upstairs, where you can point it all out. Just go on now with the rest of the story.

HALE: Well, my first thought was to get that rope off. It looked . . . (*Stops, his face twitches.*) . . . but Harry, he went up to him, and he said, "No, he's dead all right, and we'd better not touch anything." So we went back downstairs. She was still sitting that same way. "Has anybody been notified?" I asked. "No," says she, unconcerned. "Who did this, Mrs. Wright?" said Harry. He said it businesslike—and she stopped pleatin' of her apron. "I don't know," she says. "You don't know?" says Harry. "No," says she. "Weren't you sleepin' in the bed with him?" says Harry. "Yes," says she, "but I was on the inside." "Somebody slipped a rope round his neck and strangled him and you didn't wake up," says Harry. "I didn't wake up," she said after him. We must 'a' looked as if we didn't see how that could be, for after a minute she said, "I sleep sound." Harry was going to ask her more questions but I said maybe we ought to let her tell her story first to the coroner, or the sheriff, so Harry went fast as he could to Rivers' place, where there's a telephone.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: And what did Mrs. Wright do when she knew that you had gone for the coroner?

HALE: She moved from that chair to this one over here (*pointing to a small chair in the corner*) and just sat there with her hands held together and looking down. I got a feeling that I ought to make some conversation, so I said I had come in to see if John wanted to put in a telephone, and at that she started to laugh, and then she stopped and looked at me—scared. (*The county attorney, who has had his notebook out, makes a note.*) I dunno, maybe it wasn't scared. I wouldn't like to say it was. Soon Harry got back, and then Dr. Lloyd came, and you, Mr. Peters, and so I guess that's all I know that you don't.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*looking around*): I guess we'll go upstairs first—and then out to the barn and around there. (*To the sheriff*) You're convinced that there was nothing important here—nothing that would point to any motive.

SHERIFF: Nothing here but kitchen things.

(*The county attorney, after again looking around the kitchen, opens the door of a cupboard closet. He gets up on a chair and looks on a shelf. Pulls his hand away, sticky.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Here's a nice mess.

(*The women draw nearer.*)

MRS. PETERS (to the other woman): Oh, her fruit; it did freeze. (To the lawyer) She worried about that when it turned so cold. She said the fire'd go out and her jars would break.

SHERIFF: Well, can you beat the women! Held for murder and worryin' about her preserves.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I guess before we're through she may have something more serious than preserves to worry about.

HALE: Well, women are used to worryin' over trifles.

(The two women move a little closer together.)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (with the gallantry of a young politician): And yet, for all their worries, what would we do without the ladies? (The women do not unbend. He goes to the sink, takes a dipperful of water from the pail and pouring it into a basin, washes his hands. Starts to wipe them on the roller towel, turns it for a cleaner place.) Dirty towels! (Kicks his foot against the pans under the sink.) Not much of a housekeeper, would you say, ladies?

MRS. HALE (stiffly): There's a great deal of work to be done on a farm.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: To be sure. And yet (with a little bow to her) I know there are some Dickson County farmhouses which do not have such roller towels. (He gives it a pull to expose its full length again.)

MRS. HALE: Those towels get dirty awful quick. Men's hands aren't always as clean as they might be.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Ah, loyal to your sex, I see. But you and Mrs. Wright were neighbors. I suppose you were friends, too.

MRS. HALE (shaking her head): I've not seen much of her of late years. I've not been in this house—it's more than a year.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: And why was that? You didn't like her?

MRS. HALE: I liked her all well enough. Farmers' wives have their hands full, Mr. Henderson. And then—

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Yes—?

MRS. HALE (looking about): It never seemed a very cheerful place.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: No—it's not cheerful. I shouldn't say she had the homemaking instinct.

MRS. HALE: Well, I don't know as Wright had, either.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: You mean that they didn't get on very well?

MRS. HALE: No, I don't mean anything. But I don't think a place'd be

any cheerfuller for John Wright's being in it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I'd like to talk more of that a little later. I want to get the lay of things upstairs now. (He goes to the left, where three steps lead to a stair door.)

SHERIFF: I suppose anything Mrs. Peters does'll be all right. She was to take in some clothes for her, you know, and a few little things. We left in such a hurry yesterday.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Yes, but I would like to see what you take, Mrs. Peters, and keep an eye out for anything that might be of use to us.

MRS. PETERS: Yes, Mr. Henderson.

(The women listen to the men's steps on the stairs, then look about the kitchen.)

MRS. HALE: I'd hate to have men coming into my kitchen, snooping around and criticizing. (She arranges the pans under sink which the lawyer had shoved out of place.)

MRS. PETERS: Of course, it's no more than their duty.

MRS. HALE: Duty's all right, but it seems mean to talk about her for not having things slicked up when she had to come away in such a hurry.

MRS. PETERS (who has gone to a small table in the left rear corner of the room, and lifted one end of a towel that covers a pan): She had bread set. (Stands still.)

MRS. HALE (eyes fixed on a loaf of bread beside the breadbox): She was going to put this in there. (Picks up loaf, then abruptly drops it. In a manner of returning to familiar things) It's a shame about her fruit. I wonder if it's all gone. (Gets up on the chair and looks.) I think there's some here that's all right, Mrs. Peters. Yes—here. (Holds it toward the window.) This is cherries, too. (Looks again.) I declare I believe that's the only one. (Gets down, bottle in her hand. Goes to the sink and wipes it off on the outside.) She'll feel awful bad after all her hard work in the hot weather. I remember the afternoon I put up my cherries last summer.

(She puts the bottle on the big kitchen table, center of the room. With a sigh, is about to sit down in the rocking chair. Before she is seated realizes what chair it is; with a slow look at it, steps back. The chair which she has touched rocks back and forth.)

MRS. PETERS: Well, I must get those things from the front room closet. (She goes to the door at the right, but after looking into the other room, steps back.) You coming with me, Mrs. Hale? You could help me carry them.

(They go in the other room; reappear, Mrs. Peters carrying a dress and skirt.

Mrs. Hale following with a pair of shoes.)

MRS. PETERS: My, it's cold in there. (She puts the clothes on the big table, and hurries to the stove.)

MRS. HALE (examining the skirt): Wright was close. I think maybe that's why she kept so much to herself. She didn't even belong to the Ladies' Aid. I suppose she felt she couldn't do her part, and then you don't enjoy things when you feel shabby. She used to wear pretty clothes and be lively, when she was Minnie Foster, one of the town girls singing in the choir. But, that—oh, that was thirty years ago. This all you was to take in?

MRS. PETERS: She said she wanted an apron. Funny thing to want, for there isn't much to get you dirty in jail, goodness knows. But I suppose just to make her feel more natural. She said they was in the top drawer in this cupboard. Yes, here. And then her little shawl that always hung behind the door. (Opens stair door and looks.) Yes, here it is. (Quickly shuts door leading upstairs.)

MRS. HALE (abruptly moving toward her): Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Yes, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: Do you think she did it?

MRS. PETERS (in a frightened voice): Oh, I don't know.

MRS. HALE: Well, I don't think she did. Asking for an apron and her little shawl. Worrying about her fruit.

MRS. PETERS (starts to speak, glances up, where footsteps are heard in the room above, in a low voice): Mr. Peters says it looks bad for her. Mr. Henderson is awful sarcastic in a speech and he'll make fun of her sayin' she didn't wake up.

MRS. HALE: Well, I guess John Wright didn't wake when they was slipping that rope under his neck.

MRS. PETERS: No, it's strange. It must have been done awful crafty and still. They say it was such a—funny way to kill a man, rigging it all up like that.

MRS. HALE: That's just what Mr. Hale said. There was a gun in the house. He says that's what he can't understand.

MRS. PETERS: Mr. Henderson said coming out that what was needed for the case was a motive; something to show anger, or—sudden feeling.

MRS. HALE (who is standing by the table): Well, I don't see any signs of anger around here. (She puts her hand on the dish towel which lies on the table, stands looking down at the table, one half of which is clean, the other half messy.) It's wiped to here. (Makes a move as if to finish work, then turns and looks at loaf of bread outside of breadbox. Drops towel. In that voice of

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coming back to familiar things) Wonder how they are finding things upstairs. You know, it seems kind of sneaking. Locking her up in town and then coming out here and trying to get her own house to turn against her!

MRS. PETERS: But Mrs. Hale, the law is the law.

MRS. HALE: I s'pose 'tis. (*Unbuttoning her coat*) Better loosen up your things, Mrs. Peters. You won't feel them when you go out.

(*Mrs. Peters takes off her fur tippet, goes to hang it on hook at back of room, stands looking at the under part of the small corner table.*)

MRS. PETERS: She was piecing a quilt. (*She brings the large sewing-basket and they look at the bright pieces.*)

MRS. HALE: It's a log-cabin pattern. Pretty, isn't it? I wonder if she was goin' to quilt it or just knot it?

(*Footsteps have been heard coming down the stairs. The sheriff enters followed by Hale and the county attorney.*)

SHERIFF: They wonder if she was going to quilt or just knot it!

(*The men laugh, the women look abashed.*)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (*rubbing his hands over the stove*): Frank's fire didn't do much up there, did it? Well, let's go out to the barn and get that cleared up. (*The men go outside.*)

MRS. HALE (*resentfully*): I don't know as there's anything so strange, our takin' up our time with little things while we're waiting for them to get the evidence. (*She sits down at the big table smoothing out a block with decision.*) I don't see as it's anything to laugh about.

MRS. PETERS (*apologetically*): Of course they've got awful important things on their minds. (*Pulls up a chair and joins Mrs. Hale at the table.*)

MRS. HALE (*examining another block*): Mrs. Peters, look at this one. Here, this is the one she was working on, and look at the sewing! All the rest of it has been so nice and even. And look at this! It's all over the place! Why, it looks as if she didn't know what she was about!

(*After she has said this they look at each other, then start to glance back at the door. After an instant Mrs. Hale has pulled at a knot and ripped the sewing.*)

MRS. PETERS: Oh, what are you doing, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE (*mildly*): Just pulling out a stitch or two that's not sewed very good. (*Threading a needle.*) Bad sewing always made me fidgety.

MRS. PETERS (*nervously*): I don't think we ought to touch anything.

MRS. HALE: I'll just finish up this end. (*Suddenly stopping and leaning forward.*) Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Oh—I don't know. I don't know as she was nervous. I sometimes sew awful queer when I'm just tired. (*Mrs. Hale starts to say something, looks at Mrs. Peters, then goes on sewing.*) Well, I must get these things wrapped up. They may be through sooner than we think. (*Putting apron together.*) I wonder where I can find a piece of paper, and string.

MRS. HALE: In that cupboard, maybe.

MRS. PETERS (*looking in cupboard*): Why, here's a bird cage. (*Holds it up.*) Did she have a bird, Mrs. Hale?

MRS. HALE: Why, I don't know whether she did or not—I've not been here for so long. There was a man around last year selling canaries cheap, but I don't know as she took one; maybe she did. She used to sing real pretty herself.

MRS. PETERS (*glancing around*): Seems funny to think of a bird here. But she must have had one, or why would she have a cage? I wonder what happened to it?

MRS. HALE: I s'pose maybe the cat got it.

MRS. PETERS: No, she didn't have a cat. She's got that feeling some people have about cats—being afraid of them. My cat got in her room and she was real upset and asked me to take it out.

MRS. HALE: My sister Bessie was like that. Queer, ain't it?

MRS. PETERS (*examining the cage*): Why, look at this door. It's broke. One hinge is pulled apart.

MRS. HALE (*looking, too*): Looks as if someone must have been rough with it.

MRS. PETERS: Why, yes. (*She brings the cage forward and puts it on the table.*)

MRS. HALE: I wish if they're going to find any evidence, they'd be about it. I don't like this place.

MRS. PETERS: But I'm awful glad you came with me, Mrs. Hale. It would be lonesome for me sitting here alone.

MRS. HALE: It would, wouldn't it? (*Dropping her sewing.*) But I tell you what I do wish, Mrs. Peters. I wish I had come over sometimes when she was here. I—(*looking around the room*)—wish I had.

MRS. PETERS: But of course you were awful busy, Mrs. Hale—your house and your children.

MRS. HALE: I could've come. I stayed away because it weren't cheerful—and that's why I ought to have come. I—I've never liked this place. Maybe because it's down in a hollow and you don't see

the road. I dunno what it is, but it's a lonesome place and always was. I wish I had come over to see Minnie Foster sometimes. I can see now—(*Shakes her head.*)

MRS. PETERS: Well, you mustn't reproach yourself, Mrs. Hale. Somehow we just don't see how it is with other folks until—something turns up.

MRS. HALE: Not having children makes less work—but it makes a quiet house, and Wright out to work all day, and no company when he did come in. Did you know John Wright, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Not to know him; I've seen him in town. They say he was a good man.

MRS. HALE: Yes—good; he didn't drink, and kept his word as well as most, I guess, and paid his debts. But he was a hard man, Mrs. Peters. Just to pass the time of day with him—(*Shivers.*) Like a raw wind that gets to the bone. (*Pauses, her eye falling on the cage.*) I should think she would 'a' wanted a bird. But what do you suppose went with it?

MRS. PETERS: I don't know, unless it got sick and died.

(*She reaches over and swings the broken door, swings it again, both women watch it.*)

MRS. HALE: You weren't raised round here, were you? (*Mrs. Peters shakes her head.*) You didn't know—her?

MRS. PETERS: Not till they brought her yesterday.

MRS. HALE: She—come to think of it, she was kind of like a bird herself—real sweet and pretty, but kind of timid and—fluttery. How—she—did—change. (*Silence; then as if struck by a happy thought and relieved to get back to everyday things*) Tell you what, Mrs. Peters, why don't you take the quilt in with you? It might take up her mind.

MRS. PETERS: Why, I think that's a real nice idea, Mrs. Hale. There couldn't possibly be any objection to it, could there? Now, just what would I take? I wonder if her patches are in here—and her things. (*They look in the sewing basket.*)

MRS. HALE: Here's some red. I expect this has got sewing things in it. (*Brings out a fancy box.*) What a pretty box. Looks like something somebody would give you. Maybe her scissors are in here. (*Opens box. Suddenly puts her hand to her nose.*) Why—(*Mrs. Peters bends nearer, then turns her face away.*) There's something wrapped up in this piece of silk.

MRS. PETERS: Why, this isn't her scissors.

MRS. HALE (*lifting the silk*): Oh, Mrs. Peters—it's—

(Mrs. Peters bends closer.)

MRS. PETERS: It's the bird.

MRS. HALE (jumping up): But, Mrs. Peters—look at it! Its neck! Look at its neck! It's all—other side to.

MRS. PETERS: Somebody—wring—it's—neck.

(Their eyes meet. A look of growing comprehension, of horror. Steps are heard outside. Mrs. Hale slips box under quilt pieces, and sinks into her chair. Enter sheriff and county attorney. Mrs. Peters rises.)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: (as one turning from serious things to little pleasures): Well, ladies, have you decided whether she was going to quilt or knot it?

MRS. PETERS: We think she was going—to knot it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Well, that's interesting, I'm sure. (Seeing the bird cage.) Has the bird flown?

MRS. HALE (putting more quilt pieces over the box): We think the cat got it.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (preoccupied): Is there a cat?

(Mrs. Hale glances in a quick covert way at Mrs. Peters.)

MRS. PETERS: Well, not now. They're superstitious, you know. They leave.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (to Sheriff Peters, continuing an interrupted conversation): No sign at all of anyone having come from the outside. Their own rope. Now let's go up again and go over it piece by piece. (They start upstairs.) It would have to have been someone who knew just the—

(Mrs. Peters sits down. The two women sit there not looking at each other, but as if peering into something and at the same time holding back. When they talk now it is in the manner of feeling their way over strange ground, as if afraid of what they are saying, but as if they cannot help saying it.)

MRS. HALE: She liked the bird. She was going to bury it in the pretty box.

MRS. PETERS (in a whisper): When I was a girl—my kitten—there was a boy took a hatchet, and before my eyes—and before I could get there—(covers her face an instant). If they hadn't held me back I would have (Catches herself, looks upstairs where steps are heard, falters weakly)—hurt him.

MRS. HALE (with a slow look around her): I wonder how it would seem never to have had any children around. (Pause.) No, Wright wouldn't like the bird—a thing that sang. She used to sing. He killed that, too.

MRS. PETERS (moving uneasily): We don't know who killed the bird.

MRS. HALE: I knew John Wright.

MRS. PETERS: It was an awful thing was done in this house that night, Mrs.

Hale. Killing a man while he slept, slipping a rope around his neck that choked the life out of him.

MRS. HALE: His neck. Choked the life out of him. (Her hand goes out and rests on the bird cage.)

MRS. PETERS (with rising voice): We don't know who killed him. We don't know.

MRS. HALE (her own feeling not interrupted): If there'd been years and years of nothing, then a bird to sing to you, it would be awful—still, after the bird was still.

MRS. PETERS (something within her speaking): I know what stillness is. When we homesteaded in Dakota, and my first baby died—after he was two years old, and me with no other children then—

MRS. HALE (moving): How soon do you suppose they'll be through looking for the evidence?

MRS. PETERS: I know what stillness is. (Pulling herself back.) The law has got to punish crime, Mrs. Hale.

MRS. HALE (not as if answering that): I wish you'd seen Minnie Foster when she wore a white dress with blue ribbons and stood up there in the choir and sang. (A look around the room.) Oh, I'd wish I'd come over here once in a while! That was a crime! That was a crime! Who's going to punish that?

MRS. PETERS (looking upstairs): We mustn't—take on.

MRS. HALE: I might have known she needed help! I know how things can be—for women. I tell you, it's queer, Mrs. Peters. We live close together and we live far apart. We all go through the same things—it's all just a different kind of the same thing. (Brushes her eyes, noticing the bottle of fruit, reaches out for it.) If I was you I wouldn't tell her her fruit was gone. Tell her it ain't. Tell her it's all right. Take this in to prove it to her. She—she may never know whether it was broke or not.

MRS. PETERS (takes the bottle, looks about for something to wrap it in; takes petticoat from the clothes brought from the other room, very nervously begins winding this around the bottle; in a false voice): My, it's a good thing the men couldn't hear us. Wouldn't they just laugh! Gettin' all stirred up over a little thing like a—dead canary. As if that could have anything to do with—with—wouldn't they laugh!

(The men are heard coming downstairs.)

MRS. HALE (under her breath): Maybe they would—maybe they wouldn't.

(The men enter.)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: No, Peters, it's all perfectly clear except a reason for doing it. But you know juries when it comes to women. If there was some definite thing. Something to show—something to make a story about—a thing that would connect up with this strange way of doing it—

(The women's eyes meet for an instant. Enter Hale from outer door.)

HALE: Well, I've got the team around. Pretty cold out there.

COUNTY ATTORNEY: I'm going to stay here awhile by myself. (To the sheriff) You can send Frank out for me, can't you? I want to go over everything. I'm not satisfied that we can't do better.

SHERIFF: Do you want to see what Mrs. Peters is going to take in?

(The lawyer goes to the table, picks up the apron, laughs.)

COUNTY ATTORNEY: Oh, I guess they're not very dangerous things the ladies have picked out. (Moves a few things about, disturbing the quilt pieces which cover the box. Steps back.) No, Mrs. Peters doesn't need supervising. For that matter, a sheriff's wife is married to the law. Ever think of it that way, Mrs. Peters?

MRS. PETERS: Not—just that way.

SHERIFF (chuckling): Married to the law. (Moves toward the other room.) I just want you to come in here a minute, George. We ought to take a look at these windows.

COUNTY ATTORNEY (scoffingly): Oh, windows!

SHERIFF: We'll be right out, Mr. Hale.

(Hale goes outside. The sheriff follows the county attorney into the other room. Then Mrs. Hale rises, hands tight together, looking intensely at Mrs. Peters, whose eyes make a slow turn, finally meeting Mrs. Hale's. A moment Mrs. Hale holds her, then her own eyes point the way to where the box is concealed. Suddenly Mrs. Peters throws back quilt pieces and tries to put the box in the bag she is wearing. It is too big. She opens box, starts to take bird out, cannot touch it, goes to pieces, stands there helpless. Sound of knob turning in the other room. Mrs. Hale snatches the box and puts it in the pocket of her big coat. Enter county attorney and sheriff.)

COUNTY ATTORNEY (facetiously): Well, Henry, at least we found out that she was not going to quilt it. She was going to—what is it you call it, ladies?

MRS. HALE (her hand against her pocket): We call it—knot it, Mr. Henderson.

(THE CURTAIN FALLS)

# Cavalcade Firsts 1953

BY YOUNG WRITERS / A Scholastic Writing Awards Presentation

## The Decision

*Gaye Harpster has entered this short story in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards (see page 39 for Awards rules). We print it in this month's CAVALCADE FIRSTS because we feel that Gaye handles the brief incident nicely and with obvious knowledge of her subject of guns, the woods, and hunting.*

**By Gaye Harpster**

West Seattle H.S.  
Seattle, Wash.  
Teacher, Belle McKenzie

IT HAD been a year since I had taken the gun out of the case, and its bores were thick with heavy protective grease. I cleaned them thoroughly and looked through the cylinders toward the light. The graduated rings of the shotgun barrel contrasted geometrically with the spiral rifling in the .22 bore, but both gleamed equally with glass-like brilliance. I rubbed oil on the stock, feeling its smooth hardness and smelling its woody odor. Then, satisfied that the action worked easily, I replaced the cover and put the rifle in the car, waiting impatiently for my dad to finish loading.

The forest was quiet except for the crackle of dry leaves under our feet. The birds stopped singing and studied us intently as we walked beneath their trees, and the chipmunks followed us high in the branches, occasionally interrupting the silence with noisy chat-

ter. I carried the gun under my arm, with my thumb against the hammer, and one finger hooked around the trigger-guard. My dad walked in front of me, mainly concerned with spotting well-camouflaged grouse or rabbits that my careless glance might miss. I was more interested in enjoying the woods, and watching the parachuting autumn leaves, nipped orange and gold and scarlet by the early frosts.

My dad suddenly stopped and pointed to a small squirrel perched on a limb fifty feet away, scolding angrily. I knew what Dad was thinking, and I tried to avert his attention by quickly mentioning that it was time for lunch, but he said it anyway: "He's a perfect target sitting up there in that tree; see if you can hit him."

The animal blinked and watched us attentively. If I miss, I thought, I'll never hear the end of it. The sights of the rifle, though not telescopic, were perfectly accurate, and I usually hit where I aimed. Why does Dad want



Gaye Harpster knows her gunmanship — as her essay suggests. A target-shooting and hunting fan, Gaye has earned the National Rifle Association Expert and Distinguished Rifleman titles. Last May, she won the High Individual State Trophy.

At West Seattle (Wash.) H. S., Gaye's favorite subjects are

composition, physics, French, and history. Writing rivals shooting as her main hobby, and several of her poems have appeared in newspapers and have been read over local radio programs.

After graduating from high school, Gaye plans to attend the University of Washington.

me to shoot him, I wondered. He wouldn't hurt anything intentionally, but he just doesn't realize that sacrificing a squirrel for the sake of proving my shooting ability doesn't make sense. If I wait any longer, he'll think I'm stalling, and I certainly don't want him to guess my ridiculous feelings. A hunter hasn't any business being soft.

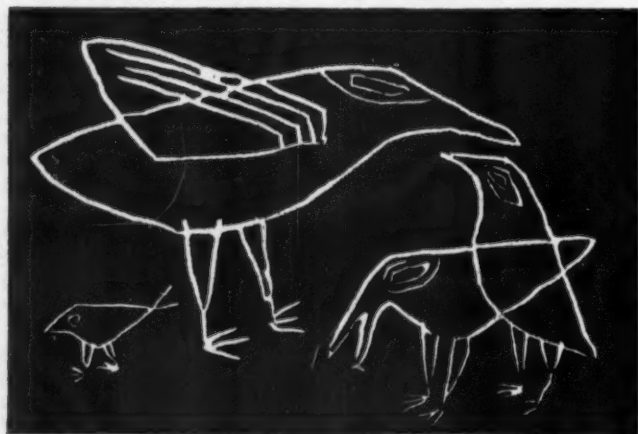
I raised the gun to my shoulder. The creature flicked his tail and twitched his nose excitedly, but remained on his perch with his paws gripped tightly against the bark.

I can't miss, or I'll be laughed at the rest of the day. I watched him through the gun sights and he bravely returned my gaze. If I can think of one good reason for doing it, I'll shoot. He looks pretty arrogant sitting up there, and his sauciness is rather dangerous in his position. I tightened my fingers around the stock.

You're trespassing on his property, and he has a right to be angry, argued my annoying conscience.

"Hurry up," my dad interrupted, "you don't have to aim so carefully."

That settles it, I declared to myself. Clamping my teeth together solidly, I raised the rifle, aimed four safe inches over the squirrel's head, and squeezed the trigger.



Print by Ray Rule, Horace Mann Jr. High, Los Angeles, won award in 1952 Scholastic Art Awards.

LITERARY CAVALCADE

## POEMS

## By Ned Edgington

Fairmont H.S.  
Dayton, Ohio  
Teacher, Robert Allen

We're sure you'll enjoy these two humorous poems by Ned Edgington. And may we remind you that all poems sent to CAVALCADE FIRSTS will be considered for publication, and that poetry which complies with the 50 line minimum required for the Writing Awards will also be eligible for the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards.

## Timely News

The old saying, "Time flies,"  
Is both truthful and wise.

An exception I never did know  
Till I stood and I burned  
For an hour as I learned

When one waits for a bus, it's not so.

## Balance

Now my neighbor's T-V set presents a  
vexation

I've experienced nights without num-  
ber:

While the volume's too muffled to war-  
rant translation,

It's too loud to permit any slumber.



Water color by Sibylla Jakubowski, Cass Technical H.S., Detroit, Mich., won a place in the 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

## A Place of Her Own

Carol Streine's short story won a national Fourth Award in the 1952 Scholastic Writing Awards. We are pleased to be printing it in CAVALCADE FIRSTS and think you'll agree that Carol describes her characters with skill and rare understanding.

A SHAFT of pale sunlight slanted in through the chintz curtains and onto the book Ellen was reading. It was the one Kim had given her, and as she sat reading it, Ellen occasionally noticed the clock's steady ticking magnified against the faint whirr of the sewing machine upstairs. At four-thirty she finally got up, scraping her chair back and reaching for her old yellow jacket. The whirring stopped and her mother's voice called out.

"Ellen, Ellen! I'll want you to help me fix dinner in half an hour. Your father and Kim will be home by five-thirty."

"Yes, Mummy, I'll be back on time."

Ellen wiggled into the jacket and edged out the back door. If she walked fast enough, she could just make it over the hill. She hurried down the porch steps and across the back lawn, brushing through the gap in the straggling brown hedge and pushing into the growth of the field. Already the barrenness of late fall had replaced the green of summer, with nothing but tall tufts of pale, dry grass and scattered prickly-bushes to bar the way. At the crest of the hill the tops of the trees in the old orchard stood out black and bare against the gray sky. The wind blew her braids back from her face. When she reached the top of the hill, she began to run again, following an overgrown path which led to the orchard.

She felt happy and free as she always did when she came here—away from all the rest of the world. As she cut across the orchard she had to be careful to avoid the old apples lying scattered on the ground and soon the mud began to stick to her loafers in rich brown clumps. Suddenly she gave a start as a whirr of wings rose in front of her and an alarmed pheasant took flight. Then, with her heart beating a little faster, Ellen finally saw her tree. It stood at the very edge of the orchard, just where the hill dropped off steeply on the other side. Near the bottom the trunk split into three branches, forming a perfect hollow from which to look out on the little valley as it dipped and then rose again, thickly covered with trees on the

## By Carol Streine

Mt. Lebanon Senior H.S.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Teacher, Virginia A. Elliott

far side. Here was the place to feel good and free—the place where no one could ever find you—and it was her very own. Ellen closed her eyes and leaned against the tree, listening to the creak, creak in the wind of one of the bare branches. The wind had a power all of its own, a strength which was never exhausted. In a way, Kim was like the wind, for he possessed the same fresh, free exuberance.

Kim was the best older brother in the whole world; he was everything she was not—handsome, sparkling, good at everything, and he was a boy. She was very proud of him. Ever since she could remember he had been the accepted leader among his friends. Just a week ago today, some boys from the basketball team had come by to pick him up for the Friday night game. Mummy and Daddy had been upstairs, so when the doorbell rang she had answered it, and had been taken aback by the sight of a tall, husky boy with a ruddy complexion.

"Hiya, Sis. Kim ready to go?" he boomed.

Ellen shrank back. "He must be at least eight feet high," she said to herself. Then, as she noticed five or six others standing behind him, she had managed to answer in a voice that was a trifle shaky. "He—he's not ready yet." And then, dubiously, "Would you like to come in?"

"Sure, thanks." They crowded noisily into the hallway. "You must be Kim's kid sister, Ellen."

Ellen nodded.

The red-faced individual shouted up the stairs. "Hey, Kim, shake a leg and get a move on. You're holding up the game."

"Okay. Okay." Kim came down the stairs two at a time. At the foot of the stairs he walked over and threw an arm around the shoulders of a blond boy wearing a glow-in-the-dark, chartreuse tie. "Did you bring your jalopy?"

"Yeah."

"Well, we're going in mine, instead."

"Hey, wait a minute—"

"We're going in mine. It's got more room. Any objections?"

"You're the boss, Kim."

"Okay. Let's go." As the boys stamped out again, Kim glanced at Ellen. "So long, Monkey. Take care of yourself."



Oil painting, "Sky Between Branches," by Bill LaSalle, St. Peter's College, New Iberia, La., won an award in the 1952 Scholastic Art Awards.

After they had gone she had closed the door and leaned against it with a sigh, awed at the way Kim had controlled the situation—as usual.

Then her mother's voice came from upstairs. "Who was that at the door, dear?"

"Some of Kim's friends, Mummy. They went out to the basketball game."

"What?" She appeared at the top of the stairs, tucking a strand of gray hair neatly into place. "I thought I told that boy he had to study tonight. Oh, Fred!"

"Yes, Betty," Daddy answered, as he came out and stood beside her.

"Kim's gone out again tonight and he knew that he was supposed to study."

"You mean that he's run out again? He has those tests coming up next week, too. He's going to wake up some day to find out that he's not graduating this year."

Ellen's mother sighed. "You'll have to speak to him tonight when he gets home."

Ellen opened her eyes and peeled a piece of crumbling bark off the tree trunk. In a way, she couldn't quite understand this side of Kim because she had always liked books much better than people. In fact, Mother was always saying that she was "just a homebody." That was why she liked to come up here away from people, sometimes to read a book and lots of times just to think.

After she went to bed that night, Ellen couldn't go to sleep. When she was just beginning to doze off, she heard the lock click and the front door open and shut. As a faint ray of light from the hall pushed into the room, she sat up in bed. Pretty soon in the half-light she saw Kim come tiptoeing by her door with his shoes in his hand. She called out softly.

"Kim, oh, Kim!"

"Is that you, Monkey? Are you still awake?"

"Yes, come in and tell me all about what you did at the party tonight."

"Okay, but we'll have to be careful not to wake Mom and Dad."

Kim's tall frame filled the doorway and then he came over and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Now begin at the beginning," Ellen instructed, as she squirmed to a sitting position and drew her knees up to her chin.

"Well, the shindig tonight was out at the country club. You would have liked it, Monkey. There were soft lights and music and the girls were all spiffed up in their fluffiest dresses. They had pretty good stuff to eat, too—chicken sandwiches. Only I don't know why they always make those sandwiches so darned small—barely two bites in one of those things. Oh, wait'll I tell you what happened around nine o'clock. It all started when one of those guys—"

And so he began to tell her about his friends and the exciting things he had done. While she listened she rubbed her hand up and down his back the way he liked to have her do it and occasionally she ran her fingers through his soft crew cut. Finally he finished and Ellen drew in a satisfied sigh as he said—

"And then I came home. Now, what did you do today, Monkey?"

"Oh, I went for a walk over the hill and . . ."

"Hey," Kim interrupted. "What is there on the other side of that hill anyway? You're always going over there for a walk."

"Oh, nothing. . ."

There was a silence and then all of a sudden Ellen had a wonderful idea.

She would take Kim over the hill to show him her tree and her valley. It would mean giving away her dearest secret, but Kim was special, he would love the valley and the woods and the pheasants. She made up her mind.

"Kim, there is something over the hill, something very extra special."

"What is it, Monkey?"

"I can't tell you now," Ellen said, "but I'll show you tomorrow after dinner."

Kim shook his head. "I don't think I'll have time."

"Oh, please, Kim, please, please, please!" Ellen pulled his arm. He laughed and gently tweaked one of her braids. "Okay, now go to sleep. I'm going to bed."

"Goodnight." Ellen snuggled down under the covers and closed her eyes.

All the next day, which was Saturday, Ellen thought about how pleased Kim would be when he saw her tree and looked out across the valley at the woods covering the hill. She had planned to take him after dinner so that they would be in time to see the sunset. At dinnertime, when Kim came home from playing basketball, she reminded him of his promise.

"We'll go over the hill as soon as I finish the dishes."

"Gee, I'm sorry, but I have to go out—" Kim started to protest but stopped at the crestfallen look on Ellen's face. "Hey, don't look like that. If it means that much to you I guess I can come. But I'm not going to have very much time."

An hour and a half later they were walking up the hill together. Every once in a while Ellen couldn't help but skip because everything was so perfect and she was so happy. This evening the wind was not cold at all as it blew across the field, rippling the tall, tanned grasses and making Kim's brown leather jacket billow out behind him. When they reached the little path at the top of the hill, Ellen went ahead to show the way. As they came up to the old forked tree, the sun, like a great, glowing ball,



Carol Streine's four years at Mt. Lebanon H. S. in Pittsburgh, Pa., were unusually active ones. She was editor-in-chief of the school literary magazine, class editor of the yearbook, committee chairman of the Y-Teen group, dance soloist in the school musicals, a member of the library committee and the Future Teachers of America, and one of the cast of the senior play. She was also elected both to Quill and Scroll and the National Honor Society.

seemed to be slowly falling into the woods across the valley. Spreading from its center, thin rays of light pierced a few scattered rosy clouds, impaling them and seeming to hold them suspended in the air. Ellen turned expectantly to Kim.

"Well," he said, "where is it?"

"What—" Ellen didn't understand at first.

"Why, what you were going to show me, Monkey?" Kim said, flashing his lopsided grin.

"But, this is it. Can't you see the sun and the sky and my tree and—and everything?"

"You mean you brought me here just to see this? Why I've been here before lots of times. The gang used to play cops and robbers in this old orchard all the time."

Ellen didn't answer, for she suddenly felt the sting of salt tears beneath her eyelids.

"Well, I'm going home," Kim said in a too-hearty voice. "I've got a date with the boys. Coming, Monkey?"

Ellen shook her head numbly.

"Okay, so long then."

She watched Kim stride through the orchard until his form disappeared over the side of the hill. Then she dug her fists into her eyes and leaned her forehead against the tree trunk. The tree seemed to reach out to enfold her with its old gnarled branches. For a long time she stayed there without moving. A hoot-owl called mournfully and she finally raised her head, rubbing the spot where a knob of bark had made a dent in her forehead and looking up through the branches of the tree. There, suspended in the vast blue-black stretch of sky, was the moon, beautiful and round, surrounded by countless stars.

## POEMS

### By Kati Eriksson

Washburn H.S.  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
Teacher, Mrs. Margaret Tyrholm

#### Mankind Looks Up

Mankind looks up and hopes to see  
Some semblance of eternity.

Mankind looks up with puzzled eyes  
Into the wide, still, timeless skies.  
Mankind looks up, for why look down  
Into the ugly earth, its frown.

Mankind looks up, below he sees  
Confusion, loss, and misery,  
Mortal terror, corporal fright.  
Mankind looks up where all is right.

## Cavalcade Firsts

JANUARY, 1953

### Night Muses

In bas-relief—a study  
in surrealism, all  
Is yellow light on black and white,  
spring, turned into fall.  
The street lamp is a sentinel  
guarding all alone  
The deep dark distances  
the steel cold stone.  
The street lamp stands like patience  
or a million other things;  
Its yellow globe surrounded  
by a hundred rainbow rings.

The light's a soft flower  
on a slim black stem;  
The night winds assail it,  
but it never bends.  
Beyond its yellow circle  
lies the purple, pallid night;  
The night that taunts me  
with my lonely plight.  
I can only think sad thoughts  
that a keen wind has blown into my  
mind,  
As I walk through the night,  
As I walk through the black all alone.



Kati Eriksson wrote these poems while she was a senior at Washburn H. S. in Minneapolis and sent them to us during the summer. She graduated from Washburn High in June and is now a freshman at Rockford (Ill.) College.

During her senior year in high school, Kati had her finger in a number of school activities. She was also a member of the Junior Achievement Radio Company, which produced weekly programs over a Minneapolis radio station. The members of the Company wrote, produced, and acted in their own shows. The experience was so interesting to Kati that she thinks she might like to go into radio work.



Christmas Scene, by Donald Schweikert, Glenville H.S., Cleveland, O., won an award in the 1952 Scholastic Art Awards.



"Dalliance of the Dead" is one of the poems for which Peter Brown won a national Fourth Award in the 1952 Scholastic Writing Awards. He was a senior at Cleveland Heights (O.) H. S. at the time he wrote it.

Peter was active in school activities at Heights High and a frequent contributor to the school literary magazine, *The Crest*. He writes that he is now at Harvard University.

### The Dalliance of the Dead

#### By Peter Brown

Cleveland Heights (Ohio) H.S.  
Teacher, Edith B. Malin

Winter has brought the gnarled root;  
Cruel in its shrieking fantasies  
Cruel in its painful pressure,  
Has sent away old, familiar mementos.  
Greeting the incoming spring  
Are the slush and the storm;  
Greeting the bird's birth is night's sleep.  
The young are tormented by night-  
mares.

Groping, the Spring finds the aged,  
The weary, the solemn Winter.



Charles Webb hopes that writing will be his career as well as his hobby.

Charles wrote the poem "Silence and Death" during his senior year at Wilson H. S., Beckley, W. Va. It is one of the poems for which he won a national Fourth Award in poetry in the 1952 Scholastic Awards.

Charles was awarded a scholarship to West Virginia University, where he is a freshman.

### Silence and Death

#### By Charles Webb

Woodrow Wilson H. S.  
Beckley, W. Va.

Silence comes to us in many ways:  
The silence of the woods in winter,  
And of a dreamy brook on sultry summer days;  
The silence before a breaking thunder clap;  
The flight of a bird in the sky, all alone;  
The silence of an old lady, lost in thought,  
With her head laid back on her chair,  
And her hands lying folded in her lap,  
Thinking of a day, long, long ago,  
Before the endless days had grayed her hair,  
When she was young.  
All this is silence;  
But silence comes to us in another, final way:  
The silence of Death.



# Bullfighter from Brooklyn

*Excerpt from the amazing autobiography of the only American to win the "Olés" of Spain*

By **SIDNEY FRANKLIN**

**I**T WAS as though someone had pulled the cord on a gigantic shade and suddenly flooded the world with glaring sunlight. Far below me was the bowl-shaped arena, the figures moving in it like tiny dolls. As I squeezed my way through the frantic crowds to a seat in the stands, the attendants were dragging the carcass of the first bull of the afternoon out of the ring.

The weather was perfect, and the low rumbling from the stands seemed to foretell great events. No matter how detached I tried to be, it was impossible not to be affected by the contagious enthusiasm of the mob. Somehow those near me sensed that this was the first time I was seeing a bullfight. Possibly because of our distance from the arena, my neighbors began to show as keen an interest in my reactions as in what was going on in the ring.

I had been warned that bullfights would disgust and sicken me. This baseball-game atmosphere was definitely not what I had expected.

I was trying to fathom these divergencies of opinion when the second bull charged into the arena. I had no idea that a bull could be as ferocious or could move so fast. And the most surprising thing was that no one taunted the animal into making these charges. He even attacked his own shadow.

Then Marcial Lalanda, nineteen years old and strikingly lithe and graceful, stepped from nowhere and executed a series of breathtaking passes with a

Reprinted by permission from *Bullfighter from Brooklyn*, the autobiography of Sidney Franklin, published by Prentice Hall. Copyright 1952 by Sidney Franklin. \$3.75.

## **SIDNEY FRANKLIN as a MATADOR . . . An Introduction by Ernest Hemingway**

**M**OST Spaniards do not go to bullfights. Only a small proportion do, and of those who attend, the competent aficionados are limited in number. Yet, many times I have heard people say that they asked a Spaniard, an actual Spaniard, mind you, what sort of bullfighter Sidney Franklin was, and the Spaniard said he was very brave but very awkward and did not know what it was all about. If you asked that Spaniard if he had seen Franklin fight he would say no; what has happened is that he has told the way, from national pride, the Spaniards hoped he would fight. He does not fight that way at all.

Franklin is brave with a cold, serene, and intelligent valor but instead of be-

ing awkward and ignorant he is one of the most skillful, graceful, and slow manipulators of the cape fighting today. You will find no Spaniard who ever saw him fight who will deny his artistry and excellence with the cape.

He is a better, more scientific, more intelligent, and more finished matador than all but about six of the full matadors in Spain today and the bullfighters know it and have the utmost respect for him.

He was formed and taught by Rodolfo Gaona, the Mexican, the only matador who ever competed on equal terms with Joselito and Belmonte; and it was the art and soundness of Franklin's fighting which he learned in the best school possible which so amazed and enthused the Spaniards.

He had great and legitimate artistic triumphs in Sevilla, Madrid, and San Sebastian before the elite of the afi-

cionados. He filled the Madrid ring so there was not a ticket to be had three times running, the first time as an American and a novelty, but the next two times on his merits as a bullfighter.

He speaks Spanish not only perfectly but with the accent of whatever place he may be; he does all his own business and is very proud of his business judgment, which is terrible. He believes in himself as confidently as an opera singer does but he is not conceited.

I have purposely written nothing about his life, since having led it at great peril and in an utterly fantastic manner he would seem to be entitled to whatever profits the story of it may bring. But I can tell you truly that, all questions of nationality aside, with the cape he is a great and fine artist and no history of bullfighting that is ever written can be complete unless it gives him the space he is entitled to.

Reprinted by permission of the publishers from *Death in the Afternoon* by Ernest Hemingway. Copyright 1932 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

cape. The flourishes were so graceful and smooth, apparently so effortless and yet so masculine, that I sat spellbound. Was this bullfighting? The sudden roar of approval that exploded from the crowd almost deafened me. I found myself applauding.

Lalanda was driving the crowd to greater frenzy with cape work. Then the great Rodolfo Gaona, the second matador of the day, did some cape passes for which he was famous. As though a bandleader were wielding a baton, thirty thousand wildly enthusiastic voices shrieked "Olé! Olé!" and yet another "Olé!"

Lalanda took his sword and muleta (the small semicircular serge cloth used in the final part of the performance), bowed before the mayor's box, dedicated the bull, and went to face his adversary. He and the bull were alone in the ring. I felt that this was quite proper.

He did several series of about eight or ten consecutive passes each with the muleta. He drew the bull back and forth around him. To those of us in the stands, it seemed that the bull's snout was tied to the end of the cloth. For reasons that I couldn't explain, I applauded at the proper moments and occasionally belittled the matador when I thought he wasn't taking what I considered to be more sporting chances. By the time Lalanda had killed that bull, Sidney Franklin felt like a seasoned veteran.

### How It Happened

I have often been asked how I came to be a bullfighter, what there was in my background that led me into such a unique profession. Frankly, when I try to review my early life I am puzzled to find an answer to that riddle. To me, at the time, the journey from Jackson Place in Brooklyn to the Plaza de Toros Monumental in Madrid was an entirely natural though exciting one. One thing followed another.

Certainly nothing could have been further from my mind than a bull ring that day in 1922 [I was seventeen] when I boarded the S.S. *Monterrey* and headed for Mexico. I had never expected to make more than a three-month trip out of it.

We arrived in Mexico City at night. The rain-soaked streets reflected the city's lights and the whole town sparkled. And I fell hopelessly in love with this city.

Almost before I knew what I was doing, I had located the necessary materials to duplicate the kind of work [making posters by the silk-screen process] I had done in New York. I rented a studio and office in the center of town

and prepared for work. The fact that I couldn't make myself understood didn't bother me. I carried a scratch pad to write whatever I wanted to say. Or I resorted to sketches.

I had been in Mexico City only a week when I met the American manager of an American car-card advertising company. He had been having difficulty explaining his requirements to the local printers and, as he wanted exactly the type of work I had been doing in New York, he swamped me with orders.

The days, the weeks, the months slipped by. I reorganized my working routine so as to have more time for excursions. I hired three shifts of five boys each to help me with my work. I would start at seven on Monday morning and, using my assistants in eight-hour shifts, I would work straight through day and night until Thursday afternoon at five. Then [with friends] I would take off into the hills until Monday morning.

Each trip was in a different direction. We would go by car to the end of the road and then continue on foot to visit primitive villages and hamlets. We went mostly to places where we knew the natives would be celebrating their folklore; and we came to know many sectors that few strangers, even Mexicans, had ever seen. After about three months I could understand the language.

My family's letters, however, began to show their concern. They were growing uneasy about my activities in Mexico. So I closed my shop and office and decided to have a month's fling before going home to explain personally just how well I was doing.

### I Go to a Bull Fight

I decided to attend one bullfight before leaving. It seemed a pity to have lived in Mexico without ever having seen the national sport.

Usually, to the first-timer, a bullfight is either extremely good or terrible. In this case two top-flight artists were on the bill. One was Rodolfo Gaona, Mexico's best and one of the three greatest matadors of all time; the other was Marcial Lalanda, the ranking Spanish idol. The bulls had been selected especially for this gala performance. Everything pointed to a memorable occasion.

I have already described my excitement and wonder at the magnificent spectacle. My behavior made those around me doubt that this truly was the first bullfight I ever had seen. They wouldn't believe me when I insisted that you don't have to be an expert to recognize polished artistry. Actually, I had the impression that the whole thing was rehearsed in some manner and that the men never could be hurt if they knew their business. The whole show combined drama, tragedy, comedy, and all the gamut of emotion, with death always close at hand. But what enthralled me most was the absolute idolatry in which the crowd held the fighters. Nothing I ever had known back home could compare with it.

That night I had supper with some newspaper friends. One thing led to another, and when they remarked that an American couldn't be a bullfighter, I replied that it wasn't that an American couldn't, but wouldn't want to be a bullfighter!



Wide World Photo

Franklin executes a pass with his cape early in a fight in Zaragoza, Spain. His skill with the cape won enthusiastic "oles" from the world's most discerning critics.



Wide World Photo

In the Sevilla bullring in June of 1929, Sidney Franklin makes his Spanish debut. His performance before cheering fans launched an amazingly successful tour of Spain.

"Americans don't have the guts to be bullfighters!" they said.

"Americans have more guts in their little fingers than the rest of the world put together."

They were having a high old time with me and I was taking the whole thing seriously. "It looks very simple to me," I said.

"If it's as simple as you say, then why don't you try it?"

"I don't have the time nor the inclination," I replied. "After all, I have to earn a living."

They retorted that Gaona had earned fourteen thousand pesos\* that afternoon and Lalanda twelve thousand. "That's not bad for one day's pay."

"Fourteen thousand?" I said astonished. "How many fights can they make in a year?"

They compared figures. "Barring accidents," they said, "the big boys can make as many as seventy or eighty fights in a good year. That would take in Spain, France, Portugal, and either Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, or Peru. The average is nearer fifty fights."

To my chagrin, the daily press began to lampoon my statements. I was well known in the city and cartoons appeared that had me labeled as Washington, D. C., or the imperialistic Yankee to the North. Mexico would be the poor broken-down horse or the bull with imperialist Yankee swords making a pin-cushion of him.

At first I took this all good-naturedly. Then my friends pointed out that I was being made a fool of—and indirectly through me the whole American colony

was suffering. So in a sincere effort to prove that I meant exactly what I said and that what I did personally had nothing to do with Americans as a whole, I went to the promoters with the request that they direct me to someone who could teach me the routines of bullfighting. I never entertained the thought of doing it professionally. Nothing was further from my mind. I merely wanted to try it for the fun of it.

### I Meet the Master

They gave me a letter of introduction to Rodolfo Gaona and told me to write him for an interview. And when my friends told me that all bullfighters are very superstitious, I bought some writing paper and envelopes lined with green-eyed black cats in gold circles. They selected it for me. And after dinner they helped me compose the letter to Gaona.

I mailed the letter that night. When by the following noon I hadn't received an answer, they insisted that nothing would come of it. Without stopping to consider that it was impossible to get a reply so soon, I called Gaona's home on the phone. His valet answered. I asked if he knew whether or not my letter had been received, and when he hesitated I explained that the envelope was decorated on the inside with black cats.

His attitude changed. He had been instructed to invite me to dinner in the matador's name at my earliest convenience. And could I tell him what the interview would be about? I explained that it concerned something to be discussed with Gaona only. With all my friends listening in, we made the ap-

pointment for the following evening at eight-thirty.

Well, everyone tried to tell me at the same time what I should wear, what I should say, and what I must do. But this was my turn.

[My friends] were so sure I wouldn't be received that they accompanied me to Gaona's mansion on Calle Liverpool. They had to see for themselves. They waited while I rang the bell and a servant let me in.

Gaona invited me to his private office beyond the game room. For the first time in my life I was tongue-tied. Now that I was alone with the idol of ten countries, the whole thing seemed utterly ridiculous and I said so. He tried to put me at ease. Finally I blurted out that I had heard he was the greatest matador and would be grateful if he could recommend someone he considered as good as himself to teach me the rudiments of the profession. His apparent enthusiasm surprised me. He asked me to repeat what I had said, and when he was certain he understood, he asked me to stand up and turn around slowly.

"There's no doubt you are an American," he said, "and you're just at the age when there is no time to lose. It certainly would be wonderful if there were a real American bullfighter and maybe you're it." He continued as though to himself, "There was an American, a Harper B. Lee. But he was raised in Guadalajara [Mexico] all his life. And some say he was born there. But coming from New York as you do, well, that's different."

"Can you come with me each morning to practice?" he asked. Of course I could and would! He was in the habit of practicing every morning except Saturday and Sunday in a small ring in the suburbs with about ten or twelve young men and boys of the city's society who usually appeared with small animals in amateur fights for charity. Then I began to worry about the terrific fees he earned, and wanted some idea of what this might cost me.

"It won't cost you a penny," he said. "To tell you the truth, I really should be paying you because of the fun I'll get out of it. You have no idea how boring practice can get at times."

I had heard many fantastic tales about Gaona, but nothing to compare with this. When I told my friends, they tried to convince me the whole thing was silly. They said they had done it just for the laughs. Bullfighting wasn't for me, an American, they said. What would my people say or think? Did I know how dangerous it really was? What if I were seriously gored? Or killed? But they had started the whole

\*At that time a peso was worth about 50 cents.

thing and I was just stubborn enough to want to finish it.

### Training Begins

Excepting Saturday and Sunday, I called at Gaona's home every morning at eight. We would go in his car to the little ring just outside the city, and until slightly after noon he would show me how to use the working cape.

He made me stand with my back to the fence, feet together, and placed the cape in my hands. First he had me extend the left arm parallel to and touching the fence at chest height. Then with the right arm crossed over the chest at the same level so that the right hand touched the fence under the left elbow, he had me draw in the left hand while advancing the right to square off the cape at a 45-degree angle to the body. I had to move the cape from the left to the right side, turning only from the waist up and all the time keeping the angle of the cape as true as possible so that the largest area was presented squarely to the bull's vision. I had to do that by the hour while he practiced the more intricate maneuvers with the other men.

Every once in a while he would look in my direction or come over to watch how I was progressing and correct me. At first I was thrilled. Then as the morning grew hotter, my arms more tired, I was surprised to find how easily I perspired and how unexciting routine practice could be. Whenever I mentioned that I would like to learn the more difficult or decorative passes, he insisted that before attempting anything more advanced I had to learn the fundamental movement of the veronica so well that I would do it in my sleep without thought or effort.

"Don't forget," he used to say, "self-preservation is a strong instinct. Whenever you get into physical trouble, subconsciously you tend to cover your head or body for protection. In this case, the cape is your only protection. Instead of drawing it to your body as you would instinctively, which would be inviting disaster from the bull, you must move the cape away from yourself without a moment's hesitation.

"The only way to do that is to practice the veronica until it comes out of your ears! Every pass in this business is based on the veronica. Don't ever forget that! The bull doesn't know the difference between you and the cape. To him you and the cape are one. From experience he knows he has never accomplished anything except to hurt himself whenever he attacked something solid like a tree or boulder in the field. Movement is the only thing that attracts or invites his attack. And don't believe this

silly business about red. All cattle are color blind! You will have plenty of opportunity to prove this to your satisfaction. Once in a while sound may help to fix the bull's attention, even though movement is more important. If you yourself move more than the cape, the bull will go after you. If you want the bull to go for the cape, then you stand absolutely still and just move the cape. And don't forget that the bull is never fooling!"

After two weeks of practice, Gaona left to tour the north. He arranged for Carlino to teach me in his absence. Carlino at one time was predicted to outshine Gaona. But with the strange ways of fate, Gaona had become the greatest matador in the profession. Out of deference to their younger and hungrier days, Gaona had a soft spot for Carlino (who had lost his nerve in the arena) and helped him whenever he could.

Carlino began to teach me the more intricate passes, even though Gaona had advised against it. Then he disappeared. He had left town for good. I decided to forget the whole thing and prepared for my belated trip back home.

On the way to make arrangements, I met Don Ramon, one of the promoters of the big ring. To make me feel better, he suggested I visit one of the ranches where they raised bulls for the arena. There I might try out what I had learned in theory on some real calves. And if I showed the least bit of promise, he would like to present me in some special gala fight as soon as possible.

### Live Bulls

I had heard of the feudal splendor of some of those ranches and knew that to visit them was a rare privilege. So it was natural that I jumped at this opportunity. We decided on the Xochitl ranch because the owner had been educated in the States and spoke better English than I. And it was located only about five hours by train north of Mexico City.

I caught the seven-o'clock train on a Saturday morning. By a little after twelve I had arrived at the dimly forlorn Cazadero Station. After forty minutes [by car] through mountain passes, the ranch house suddenly burst into view. It covered an area of about ten city blocks and the high bastioned walls completely surrounding it made it look like an old-time stockade. These walls, however, instead of being made of timber were made of volcanic stone two meters thick and faced with plaster. Low tile-roofed stone huts were scattered all around them. The whole settlement nestled snugly in a dip in the hills and until you entered the dip you never suspected its presence. Frantic

dogs, turkeys, burros, and sheep set up an awful din as we approached the enormous main entrance to the ranch house.

Don Abelardo [owner of the ranch] was waiting inside the main patio to greet us. Fifteen courses and three hours later, he asked the purpose of my visit.

While I floundered for an opening explanation, Don Abelardo asked if I had come to buy or sell cattle or farm machinery, or grains. When I hinted what had brought me there, Don Abelardo whistled. "You mean to say you have come here to train with bulls?" he asked in astonishment.

"Well, sort of," I stammered.

"Have you ever done anything with an animal before?"

"That's what Don Ramon sent me here for," I said.

"But truly," he insisted, "have you ever faced a bull before?"

"No, senor, never," I said. "But that's all right, sir, because Gaona taught me." I sincerely believed that this was more than ample qualification.

"But if you have never done anything with animals, how can you expect to go right in with a full-blooded bull as a beginner? Don't you realize how dangerous that could be?"

"But I told you, senor, Gaona taught me," I repeated.

"How long did Gaona teach you?" he asked.

No matter what Abelardo asked, I repeated in one form or another that Gaona had taught me. I wouldn't accept his technical explanations because I really didn't understand them.

Realizing that I had no idea of how preposterous my position was, he finally offered, "I'll tell you what. I can see you don't know too much about this business. But if it's all right with you, I can let you try out with a batch of two-and-a-half-year-old bull calves we have that are the result of an experiment I made in cross-breeding. They didn't turn out as I expected. I don't like their color or their general construction so they are going to the slaughterhouse. If you'd care to try with them, I'll see what can be done. But that will take several days' preparation. You are more than welcome to stay while they are rounded up and brought to the separation corrals in the field just below the house. Meanwhile, the boys will be delighted to show you around, and we have many fine saddle horses if you should care to mount."

This was to my liking. Of course I would like to stay if he would have me.

Nothing more was said about my bullfighting qualifications until Monday evening, when a number of distinguished guests arrived. Don Abelardo

casually mentioned that we would have an early breakfast to give everyone ample time to be at the inauguration of the fiesta which was to begin Tuesday morning at the separation corrals. He had given all hands on the ranch a three-day holiday. I hadn't noticed that a crude stand had been erected around one of the separation corrals to accommodate the many guests. And I had no inkling that I was the stellar attraction of the three-day fiesta.

### My First Bull

[The next morning the corral] was gay with papiermache decorations. It was about the size of the little ring where I had practiced with Gaona.

After the boys and I played around the ring, they let in the first two-and-a-half-year-old bull. The boys acted as my assistants. Ricardo, one of the ranch boys, stepped from behind his shelter and gave the bull the first preliminary passes, dragging the cape on the ground from one side to the other so that I could judge what to do from the bull's reaction to it. But I am almost six feet tall and that animal looked so small that I decided to wait for a larger one.

When they saw they couldn't get me to do anything with that bull, they played around with him for a while and then let him out into the adjoining field. The second was much the same, but his color didn't look right. The horns of the third seemed deformed, so I refused that one too.

By this time the crowd was getting restless because of my refusal to do anything. I overheard some remarks that weren't flattering. I was furious. Now that I had gotten this far I didn't want to spoil everything. I wanted to make a good impression not only for myself, but as an American.

"I'll take on the next one that comes out," I said. "I don't care what color it is or what the shape of its horns."

Everyone showed renewed interest and quieted down. In a cloud of dust a fairly large bull charged into the arena. I was so furious I didn't pay attention to anything. All I know is that he snorted and charged around the ring at a terrific pace.

Ricardo stepped from his shelter and did the preliminary passes. I got a firm grip on my cape, stepped out, and took my stance.

I stood about twenty feet from the bull. He trembled, but just stood there glaring at me and shaking his horns. Then remembering some of the pointers Carlino had given me, I backed to the wall and came out to face the bull at half the precious distance. At the first wiggle of the cape, the bull charged as though shot from a cannon.

His rush was so sudden that I didn't have time for anything except to pull in my middle and close my eyes. Luckily, Gaona's instruction took automatic effect. Without realizing it I had moved the cape in the prescribed manner and the bull went right past. There is nothing quite like the confidence which comes from accomplishment. The moment I realized I had given that bull a successful veronica pass, I felt the world was mine. It didn't matter that my form was terrible. I didn't have the time then nor the experience to think of the details. The fact was that I had actually done it!

Things began to happen in a hurry. The bull circled and charged at me from the other side. I was ready for him. This time I kept my eyes open so as not to miss anything. Sure enough, he charged right by me a second time.

Then something exploded with a bang! I don't know what happened. I didn't feel a thing. Before I could figure it out, I was picking myself up off the ground where the bull evidently had tossed me. Some of the boys rushed over to help me up and asked if I were hurt. Hurt? I didn't even know anything had happened.

Meanwhile the guests were shouting and applauding. Although there were more than a thousand people present, it was hard to believe they could make all that noise.

I felt so good that I couldn't get back soon enough to face the bull again. But this time I would watch my step. I managed to make four passes, one after the other in a series. The applause and shouts were deafening. Then in attempting a fancy pass I must have stepped right into the bull's path. What took place happened so suddenly that I vaguely remember seeing a horn hook under my leg. The next thing I knew, I was on the ground and the bull actually was trying to bite me! It struck me so funny that I had to laugh, even though each bite hurt. Ricardo got him away while yelling for me to lie still so the bull would loose me. I scrambled back on my feet.

From that moment on I was up in the air or flat on the ground more than I was on my feet. The crowd's attitude changed entirely. Now some of them were begging me not to take such chances. Others advised me how the passes should be made or how I should integrate them. But in about half an hour the bull commenced to figure things out. You could see him do it. He began to make half-charges. He would attack and then, changing his mind, he would back away. After he did that a few times, we couldn't get him to charge all the way past us as before. So he was let out in the field.



Wide World Photo

In Madrid in 1945 Franklin (left) is acclaimed as a "professional" bullfighter.

They checked me for damage and after a few minutes of rest let another bull into the ring.

And so it went. Between each animal we rested for about five minutes, checking for damage and comparing notes.

By five in the afternoon I had worked out with about twenty bulls of various sizes. My trousers were ruined beyond repair. My shirt was in tatters. But best of all, I had so many horn bruises all over my body that I couldn't count them. They were the accepted medals of proficiency. They proved beyond any doubt exactly how close the bull had been. Instead of hurting, they actually made me feel better.

The second day was a repetition of the first with few exceptions. There were more horn burns and bruises, and another set of clothes ruined. I found that these animals weren't big enough or powerful enough to injure me seriously. I was battered more from the mauling under foot than from the actual tossings. To counteract this, every time I was tossed I would grab hold of the animal's neck and hang on until someone grabbed his tail.

By the end of the third day I had worked out with seventy-two bulls. I began to ache all over. But I couldn't let anyone know I felt anything.

### Into the Ring

On the trip back to Mexico City I took stock and tried to figure out what had happened. I began to feel uneasy. There was much more to bullfighting than I had ever dreamed. Thank goodness things had turned out as well as they had.

But all that had happened before was nothing to compare with the shock I got when we arrived in the city. Across from the station on a rooftop was an enormous sign which announced my debut for Sunday, September 30! And

this was Friday the twenty-eighth! No, I thought, they couldn't mean me! Who would have dared to do that without first consulting me? I was so upset that I didn't stop to read the details. I hailed a cab and went directly to the offices of the promoters.

Don Ramon was waiting for me. "Let me be the first to congratulate you," he said.

"Let's not kid ourselves, Don Ramon," I said. "I found out I don't know the first thing about bullfighting and I want to be sure I know enough before I go into the ring in public."

"Look, kid," he said. "You get in there Sunday and do half of what you did on the ranch! You should have heard them over the phone each night when they gave us the reports of what you were doing. I wish I had been there to see it! I knew you could do it!"

"But what's the use, Don Ramon," I said, really worried. "This is more than I bargained for. I don't have the slightest idea of where to go in the ring or what to do. There's an awful lot to this that I don't know anything about!"

When he saw that I was getting angry, he said bluntly, "We can't pull back now. The whole country would know you had backed out. And there would be only one reason they could think of."

I didn't know what to say. Don Ramon told me to sit down and take it easy. "All you have to do," he said, "is to march across the arena in the parade. Then you get behind the fence and we'll tell you what to do, when, and where. Then do a few of the things you did on the ranch. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"It sounds simple all right," I said.

I was all mixed up. One minute I'd be tickled and the next I'd feel like backing out. I couldn't make up my mind. I purposely avoided the places where I'd be likely to meet friends. I didn't want to have to explain anything.

I didn't sleep that night. Every few minutes I'd jump up startled. I got up at seven. The morning was beautiful. Although I was jittery I couldn't imagine such a beautiful day being anything other than a good omen. I finally got to the Chapultepec bull ring fifteen minutes before the fight began.

After introductions all around, we took our positions near the main parade gate. Someone showed me how to wrap the embroidered dress cape around me and when the bugle blew we marched across the arena.

From the remarks shouted at me from all sides I knew the crowd thought I didn't know anything and expected to have a grand time at my expense. But

I was being smug. I'd give them the surprise of their lives, I thought, when the proper time came. As long as they expected nothing, then anything I might do should prove satisfactory.

A bull had entered the ring. He was quite a bit larger than the ones I had practiced with at Xochitl. But he wasn't mine, so I relaxed.

The banderilleros, or assistants, did the preliminary cape work and a dark Indian boy who was using the name of "Armillá" stepped out and went to work. I recall that I applauded him openly when I thought he had done something worth while and razed him at other times when I didn't approve. I acted as though I were a spectator in the stands. Several assistants tried to explain that one professional doesn't do such things to another. But I wasn't a professional and didn't pay attention to what they were saying. As a beginner I could flout bull-ring etiquette. When Armillá had killed the bull, my assistants told me to get ready. I hastily sent for Don Ramon.

The thought that I might have backed out brought him on the double. "What's going on?" he demanded. The crowd was near riot pitch.

"You told me you would tell me when to go in and what to do," I said as casually as I could manage.

"Look, kid," he said, suddenly going white. "There's the bull! Right? And there's the ring! Right? Well, you get in that ring anywhere you want and do whatever you want with that bull. But do it! And heaven help us!"

When I saw there was nothing more to do, I took a grip on my cape and stalked through the shelter and into the arena. The crowd quieted down although they stood in their seats.

#### A Matador

The bull was on the far side of the ring and when he saw me coming, alone, he started toward me at a full gallop. He stopped suddenly about fifteen feet away. For the first time I saw how big he was. He was twice the size of the biggest animal I had worked out with on the ranch. And what horns! But I couldn't do anything about it, so I shook my cape and waited. The bull just glared and snorted and shook his head as though wondering what this apparition in front of him was. When I thought I had waited long enough, I backed to the fence and came out to face him at a slight trot. He took one startled look, as though in disbelief, and charged.

The crowd let out a horrified shriek which turned into a triumphant shout as they saw the bull pass me. I'm sure

they were incredulous and refused to believe their eyes. Meanwhile, the bull had circled back and charged at me from the other side. I just stood my ground like a post, moving only my arms, and blithely passed him right by me. The thunderous shout and applause that went up from the stands rang in my ears.

And now that I saw I had made those two passes so well, with terrible form, of course, I thought it proper to give the crowd a real surprise. So in the next veronica I passed the cape over my shoulder and brought it down in back of me for a "Gaonera" pass.

I had successfully completed two Gaoneras. At the beginning of the third I must have overstepped my bounds; everything went blank and then exploded! I didn't know it but I had been tossed fifteen feet in the air and landed about twenty feet away. And I landed right on my head!

A moment later some assistants were standing over me and helping me up. I shook myself and pushed them away. Calling for my cape, which I couldn't seem to find, I ran toward the bull. That was when the crowd really went wild. The fact that I hadn't stopped to see if I were hurt was the best gesture I could have made.

On the way to the bull, one of the boys gave me my cape. I went right back to what I had been doing when tossed.

I did about ten Gaoneras with the bull actually rubbing ribs with me. Then Augustin, one of my assistants, yelled to me to finish off the series in a serpentina, or swirl pass. When he caught on to the fact that I didn't know how, he tried to get the bull away from me. He shouldn't have done that, because the bull caught me and tossed me in the air.

As I was coming down, I saw in a flash I would land on his back. Automatically I grabbed for him as I had done with the smaller animals on the ranch. I caught a hold far back around his neck and hung on for dear life. But my middle came down between his horns with my legs dangling loosely in front of his head. He ran around that ring tossing his head and trying to shake me off. But I wouldn't let go.

The first times he tossed his head, I felt the breath jolted out of me. Then I managed to clamp my legs around his snout and practically shut off his vision. When he slowed down a little, Augustin grabbed his tail and shouted for me to let go. I dropped to the ground. There was a mad scramble of all the boys to get the bull away from me. I got up, shaken a bit, with my uniform in tatters but otherwise unharmed.

As I walked to the fence, I became aware of the madhouse in the stands. Everyone was sure I had been torn limb from limb. There wasn't a soul present who remained unaffected by what he had seen. They were gasping for air. Red Cross nurses were administering first aid to those who had fainted. Half of the spectators didn't dare to look at me for fear of seeing me suddenly fall apart before their eyes. It was incredible that nothing had happened to me.

I got in back of the fence where the sword handler tried to mend my uniform as best he could. I washed my face in a stream of water from a jug and heaved a sigh of relief. My job was done. Lucky for me it was over!

### Sword in Hand

Everyone who could catch his breath tried to speak to me at the same time. And before I knew it the *banderillas* had been placed in the bull's shoulders and Augustin told me to get ready to work with the muleta and sword and kill the bull.

"Not for me, brother!" I said. "That's not for me! I don't know the first thing about it. I don't even know which end to hold the sword by!"

Then I learned how fickle the public can be. Whereas a moment before they would have died for me, now that they thought I was refusing to go on with the fight they wanted to kill me if I didn't kill that bull. And when word reached Don Ramon, he appeared from nowhere.

"What now?" he demanded.

"Nothing," I said. "I already did all I'm going to do for the day! I told you I didn't practice with anything but the cape. And I can't use the sword because I don't even know how to hold it!"

In all the time I had known Don Ramon he had never given me the slightest indication that he knew or understood a word of English. I had always had to make myself understood to him in Spanish, no matter how badly. But at this moment I guess he couldn't contain himself any longer. "Look, you fool!" he hissed in perfect English. "This has gone far enough! You insisted on being billed as a *matador*. Well, the word *matador* comes from the verb *matar*, which means to kill. Now either you get out there and kill that bull or I won't be responsible for what this crowd will do to you." He walked away.

Well, this time the world fell in on me. I had asked for it. I had no business to start this whole thing anyway. When the mob saw me go through the shelter and out into the ring, they quieted down again.

I went to the sword handler and took the sword and the muleta from him. He told me to bow in front of the mayor's box, dedicate the bull to someone I knew, and then go ahead. After bowing to the mayor, I went over and dedicated the bull to Don Ramon. "Here's hoping everything comes out all right," I said, and left my *montera*, or hat, with him as is the ritual.

I stopped by the fence to ask Augustin if he'd show me how to manipulate the muleta and hold the sword. I truly didn't know the first thing about them. He came into the ring and took the muleta and sword from me. The bull was alone on the opposite side as we started to walk across. Every couple of steps Augustin stopped to show me how to make another pass and how to integrate them. After he would show me how, he would give me the muleta and have me do it.

All this while the crowd were looking on fascinated. Some of them realized I didn't know a thing about what I was doing. But most of them insisted it was an act that I was putting on purposely. Well, when we reached the bull, I just stood there, holding muleta and sword in my right hand. As I was opening out the folds of the muleta with the point of the sword, the bull suddenly charged. I heard his snort and grunt as he started. It was so sudden that I froze. I couldn't move a muscle. I must have jerked the cloth because the bull went by me in a whoosh. But I had frozen so completely that I couldn't turn my head to see where he went.

I heard the clop-clop of his hoofs as he came at me from the other side but I was so scared I didn't see a thing. And he went past me a second time. I do remember that as he went past I instinctively pulled in my middle. But as he came toward me for the fifth consecutive charge, I saw from the corner of my eye that he was headed toward the back of me. What made him change his course I will never know. Maybe the wind caught the end of the cloth. Maybe I jerked it inadvertently. I don't know. But as he reached me, he stretched his neck and passed in front of me so closely that he hit me with the palette, or foreshoulder. I came to life. Augustin rushed up and shouted for me to kill the bull. "You've got the crowd nuts again," he shouted. "You've got them in the palm of your hand. Kill that bull before you spoil everything!"

"I don't know how!" I moaned.

He came up behind me. "Bring your sword up like this," he said. "Now sight along the blade and put it in that little spot where the neck and shoulder blade meet."

"But how do I get past the horns?" I said. I had barely finished with the question when Augustin gave me a push. He did it so unexpectedly that I closed my eyes and expected the worst. But, strange as it seems, nothing happened. The bull had gone past me and I was left standing there with just the muleta in my left hand. But where was the sword? I looked around quickly but couldn't find it. So I ran to the fence and demanded one from the handler.

He stood there gawking at me, and said, as though I were asking the impossible, "What do you want with another sword?"

"Give me another one, quick, before the time passes and they take him out alive," I said, annoyed. "I don't want that to happen in my very first fight."

He motioned me to come closer. "Get over to that bull before even I begin to think you're batty!"

I stole a quick glance and saw that the sword was in the bull in the proper place, right up to the hilt! Imagine that! The whole thing struck me as being so ludicrous that I began to feel the waves of laughter. But rather than have the crowd think I was pulling their leg or laughing in their faces, I quickly pulled out my handkerchief and covered my face.

Then, as I came back across the arena, the mob poured into the ring and paraded me around on their shoulders.

They carried me out and all the way to my home, ten miles away.

The mauling I got from that crowd was almost as bad as the one I'd received from the bulls at Xochitl. Most of my uniform was gone. Pieces had been torn off by the souvenir hunters.

After I had joined a group of friends, there began a period of questioning I'll never forget. Why did I do this and why did I do that? And before I could recall the incident they were discussing, someone would chime in with what seemed the most plausible answer.

Well, that set me thinking. Mind you, I still didn't believe a man could be hurt. The horses? Yes, because they were made to stand still. But the man could move out of harm's way if he knew what he was about.

The thought struck me that if all I had to do was take an occasional beating and have everyone solve all my problems for me—well, what was I waiting for? Then, too, bullfighters traveled to many lands in great style. And I loved to travel. Here was an opportunity to travel while being paid for it. Also, bullfighters were idolized in a manner I never had seen before. It was probably at that moment that I knew I would become a bullfighter.

## You Are Cordially Invited To Enter

Here's your chance to discover your talents! Enter your stories, poems, or essays in Scholastic Writing Awards.

Entries will be eligible for publication in the monthly student writing section of *Literary Cavalcade*, "Cavalcade Firsts," as well as for national judging in the Scholastic Writing Awards. The May issue of *Literary Cavalcade*, our annual Student Achievement issue, will announce winners and will be devoted completely to award-winning entries.

### Who May Enter?

All students in grades 10 through 12 enrolled in any public, private, or parochial school in the U. S. or its possessions are eligible. Students who will be graduated in January or February, 1953, may participate if the work is completed prior to graduation.

### National Awards

Ten awards of \$25 each, plus a certificate of merit, will be given in each of the first four classifications. Five top awards of \$25, plus a certificate of merit, for classification 5. Honorable Mention certificates in all classifications.

### Judging

Juries of outstanding authors, journalists, and educators will select the winners. High school principals will be notified shortly before the announcements appear in the *May Literary Cavalcade*.

### Special National Awards

The University of Pittsburgh offers a four-year tuition scholarship to the most promising senior discovered in Scholastic Writing Awards. Apply early for application blanks.

The University of Idaho offers a one-year tuition scholarship for a senior from the Northwest. Apply early for application blanks. A special award of \$50 will be made to a student whose entry best shows an appreciation of the need for unity and understanding among all religious and racial groups. The award will be made by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This theme may be treated directly or indirectly in all classifications.

## CLASSIFICATIONS

**1. SHORT-SHORT STORY.** A very short story that usually concentrates on one central idea or situation, often with an unexpected or dramatic ending. Length: 1,000 words maximum. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

**2. SHORT STORY.** Any narrative treatment of one or more characters. Length: 4,000 words maximum. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

**3. ESSAY.** Any subject treated from a more or less personal standpoint. Your essay may cover an incident which has had an effect on your life. Or it may express your ideas—humorous or serious—about anything from a to z. Length: 2,000 words maximum. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25. At least 10 Honorable Mentions.

**4. POETRY.** All forms of verse, rhymed or free. Total of 50 lines (either single poem or group of poems) minimum for single entry. Do not submit more than 200 lines. National Awards: 10 first awards, \$25. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

**5. RADIO AND OTHER DRAMA.** An original radio or TV script or one-act play. Length: 3,500 words maximum. Shorter scripts preferred. National Awards: 5 first awards, \$25. At least 10 Honorable Mention certificates.

Scholastic Writing Awards are approved by the Contest Committee of the National Association of Secondary School Principals.

# 1953 SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS

## RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS

1. Any eligible student may enter any and all classifications.
2. Do not enter any manuscript for the Awards if it has been entered in any other national competition.
3. Although students may enter independently, it is recommended that work be included in the group sent by a teacher after preliminary elimination in the school.
4. Entries must be the work of individual students; joint authorship is not eligible.
5. Each manuscript must contain a front sheet on which is copied the entry blank on this page. Be sure to fill out ALL the blanks requesting information. Staple identification sheet securely to entry.
6. Note the statement required as part of the entry blank that the work is ORIGINAL—signed by the student and teacher. Anyone who enters plagiarized (copied) material is liable to prosecution under the law. Entries will be re-checked for originality before Awards are made.
7. Manuscripts should be typed or written legibly in ink, on one side only of paper, size 8½ x 11 inches.
8. Send entries at any time during the school year up to the closing date, March 1, 1953. Mail to Scholastic Writing Awards, c/o *Literary Cavalcade*, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
9. Mail all manuscripts FLAT (not folded or rolled) at the first class postage rate of 3 cents an ounce.
10. The decisions of the judges in all classifications are final.
11. All manuscripts receiving national awards become the property of Scholastic Corporation, and no other use of them may be made without written permission.
12. All manuscripts published in or submitted for "Cavalcade Firsts" will be automatically considered for Scholastic Awards.
13. No manuscripts will be returned. Remember to keep carbons.
14. All students living in the following areas must submit entries before the regional closing date to the newspaper sponsoring Scholastic Writing Awards programs: Connecticut—*Hartford Courant*; southeastern Michigan—*Detroit News*; Capital district—Washington (D. C.) *Evening Star*. Regional winners will be included in the final national judging.

## SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS ENTRY BLANK

DIVISION (Check JUNIOR or SENIOR)

JUNIOR DIVISION ☐  
SENIOR DIVISION ☐

Student \_\_\_\_\_  
(Must be printed or typed)

Home Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

School \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Principal \_\_\_\_\_ Teacher \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or type) (Indicate Miss, Mrs., Mr.)

Student's age on March 1, 1953 \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

CLASSIFICATION OF ENTRY (Poetry, Short Story, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_  
I hereby certify that this is my own original work. (Anyone submitting plagiarized material is liable to prosecution under the law.)

Student's Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Approved Teacher's Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Scholastic Writing Awards, c/o *Literary Cavalcade*,  
351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

# Man Has a Right to Listen to a Radio If He Feels Like It

*A noted radio-TV columnist shows us that listening to the radio may be dangerous—especially if a cop is suspicious of you*

By JOHN CROSBY

**R**OBERT S. Byfield, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, recently defended the American profit system with great eloquence on America's Town Meeting of the Air, an experience that almost landed him in jail. Mr. Byfield, it appears, decided to catch the program a week in advance of his appearance to find out just how they ran things. Trouble was he had promised to take his two children to *As the Girls Go* at the Winter Garden the same night.

Mr. Byfield, a man of ingenuity and no little courage, boldly cut through this dilemma by taking his wife, two children, and a small portable radio to the theater. He deposited his family in their seats at 8:25—the program starts at 8:30—and went hunting for the lounge, planning to catch the program and join his family at the second act of the musical comedy.

Well, the only conceivable places to catch a radio program in that theater are a telephone booth in the lobby and a small, inadequate lounge downstairs. Mr. Byfield chose the phone booth, closed the door and settled down.

In a matter of minutes, a cop was at his elbow. "What you doing?" he asked. "Listening to the radio," said Mr. Byfield.

The cop, one of those cops who are easily nonplussed, scowled. "You gotta ticket for the show?" he asked. Mr. Byfield showed him his stub. "Well, why don't you go in and watch it?" demanded the cop, his voice beginning to rise.

If there's anything a cop hates, it's being ribbed and this certainly looked like a rib of some sort. Tickets to the Bobby Clark show cost \$6.60 apiece and the radio you can hear any night, free.

"Sssh," said Mr. Byfield.

Now, if there's anything a cop hates worse than being ribbed, is being sssshed. "You gotta get out of here. We can't tie up these phones," he announced truculently.

Mr. Byfield sighed and took his portable down to the lavatory. Twenty minutes later he had the cop on his hands again. "You still here?" shouted the cop. "I'm listening to a radio program," declared Mr. Byfield, summoning his dignity. "I have a perfect right to listen to a radio program. I'm not bothering anyone, am I? I wish to be left alone."

That stopped the cop momentarily. "What's the program?" he asked.

"Town Meeting of the Air. Ever listen to it?"

"No. What is it—one of them quiz programs?"

Mr. Byfield decided that "Town Meeting" was a little hard to explain and let the question pass. This was a mistake. No cop likes to be ignored any more than he likes to be ribbed or sssshed. Slowly and with a distinct air of menace, the cop took out the little black book.

"What's ya name?"

"You arresting me?" asked Mr. Byfield, alarmed. "What for?"

"Vagrancy," said the cop. "What's ya name?"

The radio program was nearing its end. Questions about wages and prices

were being fired at the speakers by members of the radio audience, while in the lounge in the basement of the Winter Garden Mr. Byfield tried desperately to explain what "Town Meeting" was and why he was listening to it.

"It's a discussion program. Prominent authorities discuss controversial issues—two of them taking one side, two of them the other. Next week I'm going to be a speaker on the program. The question is: 'Are Corporate Profits Too High?' I'm Robert S. Byfield and . . ."

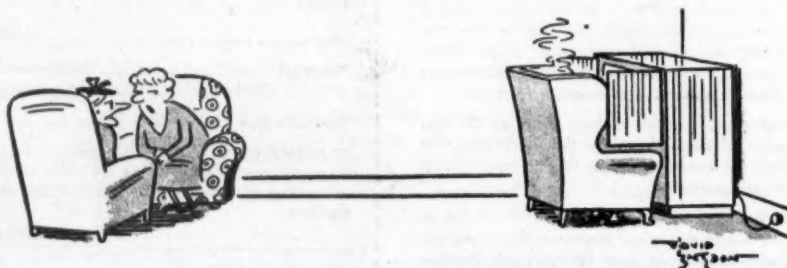
The whole thing, as Mr. Byfield realized, sounded arrant nonsense. The cop's expression, one of exasperated patience, showed clearly he didn't believe there was such a ridiculous radio program and, if there were, a man who listened to a radio in a theater while a \$6.60 seat went to waste upstairs obviously wouldn't be invited to appear.

"How ya spell Byfield?" he asked.

Just then the program came to a close and George V. Denny, its moderator, was heard over the small portable: "Tune in again next week, when our subject will be 'Are Corporate Profits Too High?' Our speakers will be Robert S. Byfield, financial writer and member of the New York Stock Exchange, Henry J. Taylor . . ."

The cop closed his black book, restored it to his pocket and walked out of the lounge, looking extraordinarily foolish. And if there's anything a cop hates . . .

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From "Best Cartoons from Punch," published by Simon and Schuster  
". . . and my dear, he's selfish . . ."

LITERARY CAVALCADE

When these questions have been discussed, play the tape recording back a second time, asking the students to make notes of the remarks that they would want to use if they were to write this conversation into a short story. Explain that the comments they select should be phrased exactly as they hear them on the recording, but that they should choose only those which pertain directly to the subject of the conversation, and which make the conversation move forward. (It will be necessary, of course, to play the recording a few sentences at a time, to give students an opportunity to make their notes.)

For the rest of the class period—or as an assignment if there is no more time left—ask each student to use his notes in writing up the conversation in straight dialogue form.

### Post-Convention Musings

As in years past, members of the *Literary Cavalcade* staff were present at the Convention of the National Council of Teachers of English in Boston. As lay members of the audience during the numerous reports and discussions that took place, we were impressed by the things that are going on in English teaching circles. We wonder how many "average citizens" appreciate the thought, work, and talent that lie behind every English curriculum in every school in the country.

There was one impression that no one present at the NCTE Convention could fail to take away with him. The English teacher of today reveres the past, and preserves an abiding affection for such great men as Shakespeare and Milton. But most strikingly, the modern English teacher is also a concerned and active member of this generation. He is vitally interested in the new problems of communication and semantics which present themselves today; he realizes that a large part of his job is to equip his students to understand the world they live in.

### Supplementary Reading List

Here are suggestions for "follow-up" reading for students who particularly enjoyed some of the selections in this issue:

"Hear the Wind Blow," a short story by John D. Weaver (author of "Rock of Ages," p. 3). Appeared in *Literary Cavalcade*, April 1952.

"Cherished and Shared of Old," a short story by Susan Glaspell (author of *Trifles*, p. 23). *Fireside Book of Christmas Stories*, ed. by E. C. Wagenknecht. Bobbs, 1950.

*The American Songbag*, a book of folk songs by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, 1936.

*Complete Poems of Carl Sandburg*. Harcourt, 1950.

Three of the selections in this month's issue are excerpts from recent books which students may wish to read in full:

*Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*. Doubleday, 1952.

*Out of the Blue*, short and humorous columns on radio and TV by John Crosby (back cover).

*Bullfighter from Brooklyn*, by Sidney Franklin (excerpt on p. 32). Prentice Hall, 1952.

### Evaluating This Issue

After your students have read through this issue, ask them to consider the following questions and explain their answers by specific reference to the contents.

1. Which selection do you think you will remember longest? Why?
2. Which selection proved the most fun to read? Why?
3. What writer made you think the most? How did he make you think?
4. Which story was the most exciting?
5. Which selection did you consider to be the best-written?
6. Would you like to read more things by one or more of these writers? If so, which writers?
7. What were the subjects that other students chose to write about in the selections in "Cavalcade Firsts"? Are these subjects within the experience of most teen-agers? Are they within your experience?

Class discussion of these questions may lead to several further activities:

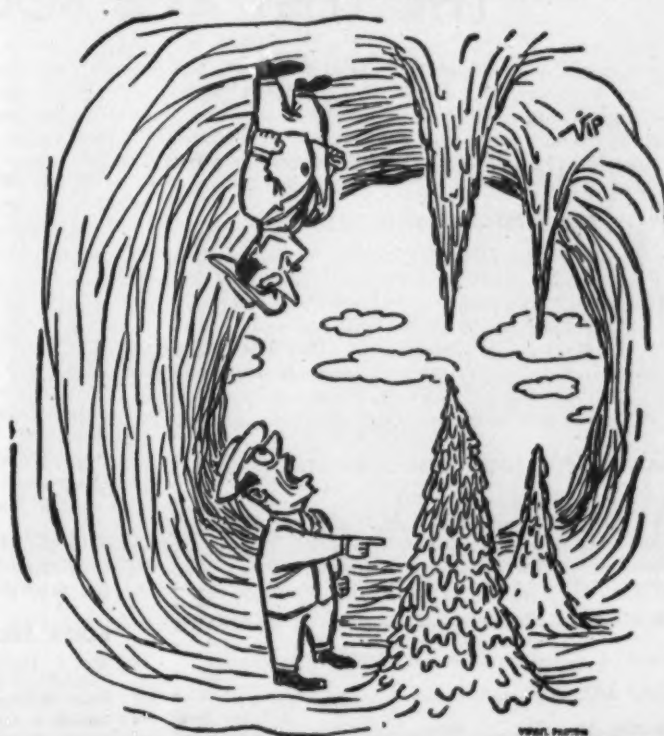
1. *Panel discussion.* A discussion among several students about a selection on which there seemed to be general disagreement of opinion.

2. *Oral reports.* Reports by individual students on the selections they liked best. Statements should be supported by specific reference to the contents.

3. *Letters of criticism.* Ask students to write letters to the editor of *Literary Cavalcade*, appraising this issue—pointing out what they particularly liked and disliked about it, and making suggestions for future issues. (If your class sends us such letters, we will gladly consider a number of them for publication.)

4. *Writing sub-titles.* Explain to the students that a story's sub-title is the brief, descriptive sentence under the title. Point out examples of sub-titles in this issue of *Cavalcade*. Then ask them to close their copies of the magazine, and write the titles of three or four of the selections on the blackboard. Have the students write appropriate sub-titles for each of these titles, on the basis of their knowledge of what the selection is about. Have the class vote on the best sub-titles.

And don't forget! One concrete and worth-while way to evaluate any issue of *Literary Cavalcade* is to refer the students to CAVALQUIZ, our four-page quiz insert, new this term.



"No! I tell you this is a stalagmite and that is a stalactite!"

From the Magazine of the Year '47

# WHICH will your students read?



## Guide Your Students to Good Reading Through THE TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB

It's easy to get your students to read good books if you have a Teen Age Book Club in your class! Through this unique plan thousands of students are turning to classics instead of comics and acquiring a taste for good reading when they are at the most impressionable age.

### WHAT IS THE TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB?

The Teen Age Book Club is a highly successful plan which enables students to obtain for 25¢ or 35¢ a wide range of good pocket-size books selected by a board of well-known educators. The Club now enters its 7th year of operation with nearly 7,000 school clubs and approximately 210,000 student members. Last year nearly a million and a half books were sold to Club members. Books are offered for both older and younger

readers and include titles for every taste—historical novels, romances, sport stories, classics, animal stories, poetry, biography, mysteries, short story collections, and many others. (See TAB News in this issue.)

### WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES?

1. Students may choose each month from a list of 16 titles, widely varied so that each may find a book related to his or her taste, age, or reading level.
2. Club members are not required to buy any specific number of books. They may buy as many or as few as they wish of the books offered during the year.
3. A Club requires little work by the teacher. A Club is organized so that students can run it themselves. A complete kit of materials for running a Club is supplied free. This includes a simple manual of instructions, record and order forms, a sample book, and an illustrated monthly bulletin containing a review of coming books.
4. **FREE DIVIDENDS.** For every four books purchased, Club members may choose a free book at the end of the semester.

### BOOK SELECTION COMMITTEE

Max J. Herzberg, Chairman, Past President Nat. Council of Teachers of English; E. Louise Noyes, Head of English Dept., Santa Barbara (Cal.) High School; Richard J. Hurley, Past President Catholic Library Association; Margaret Scoggin, Young People's Specialist, N. Y. Public Library; Mark A. Neville, Past President Nat. Council of Teachers of English.

### MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR COMPLETE DETAILS

TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB  
351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send, without cost or obligation, complete information on How to Start a Teen Age Book Club, together with free materials and a sample book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

School \_\_\_\_\_ Grade \_\_\_\_\_

School Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

13LC

# LITERARY *Cavalcade*

TEACHER EDITION • FEB. 1953 • VOL. 5, NO. 5

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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**How Can You  
Interest Your  
Students  
in Good  
Reading?**



Charles Laughton, the celebrated actor, is being televised weekly over twenty stations in a series of readings from the classics of world literature.

**By renewing your subscription to Literary Cavalcade TODAY!**

# Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

## What to Look for in This Month's Issue . . .

### Book Excerpt

"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel Carson (p. 34)

Rachel Carson's best-selling description of the oceans that cover the major part of the earth's surface has won universal acclaim. Here is a piece of informative writing that has both met the critical standards of the scientist and caught the imagination of the layman. No matter how near or far from the sea your students live, they will find in *The Sea Around Us* a door that opens into a new, exciting world.

### Short Short Story

"Fiddler's Choice," by George Milburn (p. 3)

An appealing study in human values, pointing up the thesis that man does not live by bread alone. Students will enjoy discussing whether or not they approve of how the fiddler spent the money that was given to him.

### Humor

"Every Dog Should Have a Man," by Corey Ford (p. 6)

This delightful bit of fun will call forth a chuckle from anyone who has

ever owned—or known—a dog. Boys and girls who have pets of their own may want to adapt Corey Ford's approach to an essay of their own writing.

### Short Story

"Swamp Cat," by Zachary Ball (p. 15)

A Seminole Indian boy tracks down a lone surviving panther in the Everglades. But at the very moment when he might have been able to move in for the kill, his hand is held by a new understanding of what it means to be one of the few living members of a proud but vanishing race.

### Essay

"The Ultimate Catastrophe," by Ruth McKenney (p. 13)

Once more, Ruth McKenney reveals her flair for the mirth-provoking anecdote. The story she recounts will have special humor and meaning for teenage girls. Boys and girls alike should be interested in discussing whether any girl in 1953 would feel and behave as the heroine of this story did in 1927.

### Poetry

"Be My Valentine" (p. 23).

Four famous poets—Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Burns, A. E. Housman, and

William Blake—have their say about the ways of love. Ask students to discuss the two different kinds of "rue" suggested by Housman and Blake.

### Picture Essay

"The Importance of Being Earnest," a film based on Oscar Wilde's famous play (p. 24)

Announcing a distinguished new British film with both entertainment and literary value. The photographs and captions will stimulate student interest in a motion picture that will not receive the fanfare of publicity often accorded to less worthwhile pictures.

### One-Act Play

"Can Long Endure," by Charles Tazewell (p. 26)

Two aging veterans of the Civil War pause in the midst of a lifetime feud to realize that though they fought in different armies, the outcome of this tragic battle was a new brotherhood—not only on the national scale, but in personal terms as well. This play has seasonal interest, and can be adapted either to a radio broadcast or assembly program.

### Student Writing

"Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 30)

Outstanding selections by student contributors, some of them Scholastic Writing Awards winners of the previous year; and others, this year's new crop of "hopefuls." Students find in these successful contributions by their own contemporaries an excellent motivation for writing similar stories and poems of their own. We suggest that you plan such classroom writing assignments soon, so that students will have ample time to enter the best of their work in the 1953 Scholastic Writing Awards. (See rules and entry blank on p. 39.) Early entries now have greatest likelihood of being published in the "Cavalcade Firsts" section of the March and April issues of LITERARY CAVALCADE, at the same time that they are considered for the National Writing Awards. (Turn to page 3-T)



From Best Cartoons from Punch, published by Simon and Schuster

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